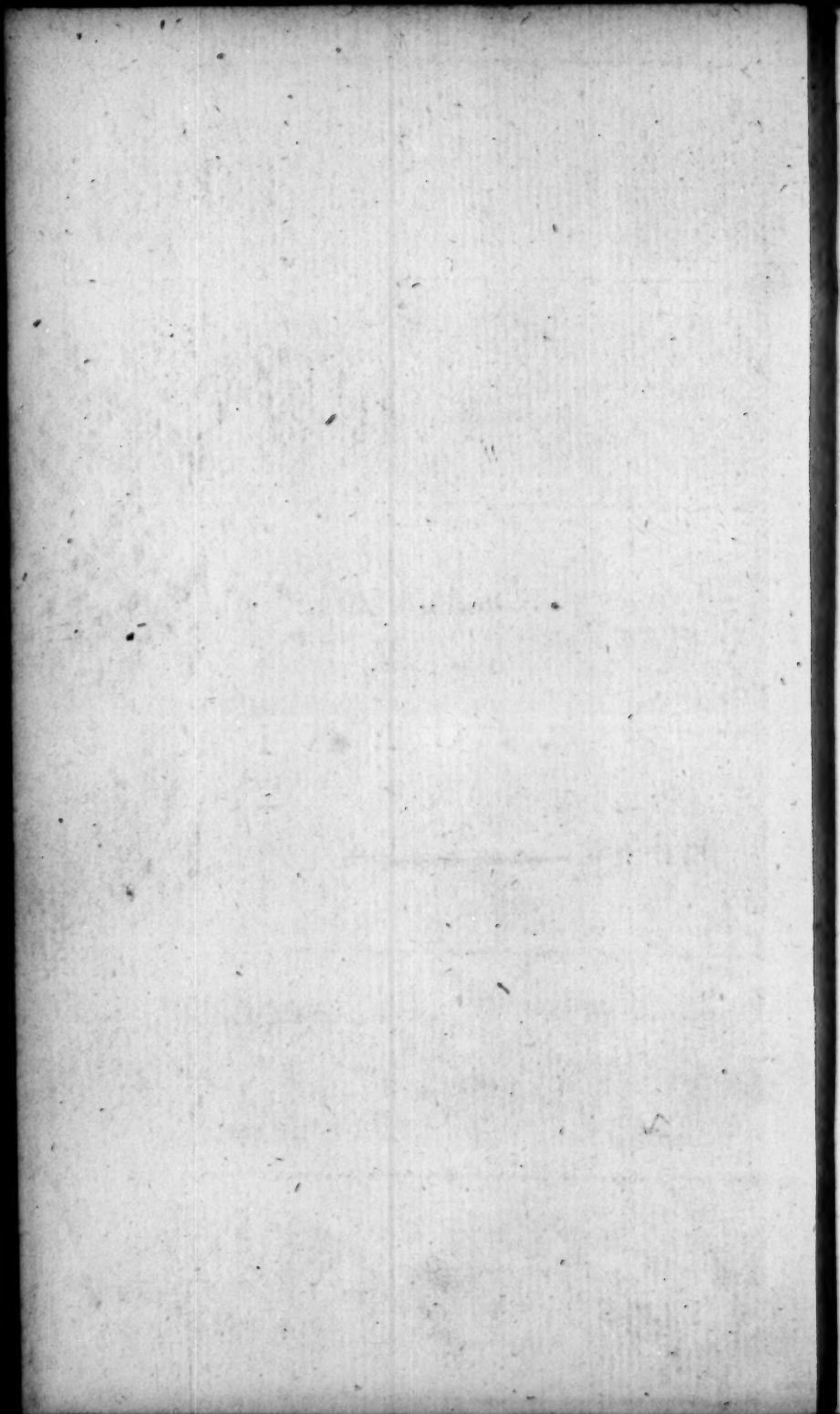


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I P H I G E N I A.

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# IPHIGENIA,

A NOVEL,

---

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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No Fate my vow'd Affection shall divide —  
From thee, Heroic Youth ! Be wholly mine !  
Take full Possession ! All my Soul is thine !  
One Faith, one Fame, one Fate shall both attend ;  
My Life's Companion, and my Bosom Friend !

DRYD. VIRG.

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VOL. III.

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*June 21, 1932*

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# IPHIGENIA.

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## LETTER XXXVI.

**I** HAVE just had a most affecting interview with my grandfather. The dear old man shed over me the tears of parental love, mingled with those of sorrow; a tribute he could not withhold from the memory of my mother, who was in fact tenderly regarded by him, although once the object of his extremest anger, because through her his will was crossed, which his fiery spirit could never easily brook, and to which he has been little accustomed, his wife, family,

and dependents, having ever been under the most perfect subjection to him: But the native haughtiness of his temper is happily counterbalanced by the sensibility of his heart; and when convinced of having erred, proud as he is universally received to be, he scorns not to acknowledge his error, a step which less exalted minds disdain, and falsely think themselves degraded by. On the contrary, he is never weary of lamenting his long implacability against two beings so dear, so deserving, and whose greatest fault arose from the amiable source of a most pure and reciprocal attachment. He execrates the force of prejudice, the power of interested views, that planned an alliance for his son, where pecuniary considerations were the only motives, and the merit of the object fixed on for the partner of his life was intirely unthought of, and deemed an unimportant article in that most weighty concern of either sex, and the transaction on which their succeeding fate generally depends. But he  
promises

promises to make up in affection to me his past unkindness to my parents, and pay a more generous attention to my real welfare than he did to theirs. We passed the afternoon together with a delight superior to any thing I had ever hoped again to experience ; but its serenity was considerably obscured by the rapidly declining state of the poor dejected Clarinda, whose present complaints every moment wear a more alarming form, (and who ranks next to yourself in my affection) and our frequent recollections of the penitent prisoner, to whom my father purposes on an early day to repeat his visit.

Toward the close of evening we again overlooked the mementos of my unfortunate mother ; many were the tears that fell, and infinite the conjectures and perplexities that arose ; but where shall we find a clue to unravel these perplexities, and lead to the information we, perhaps, vainly sigh to obtain ? The miniature is, you know, singularly

B 2

attractive.

attractive. Dignity of mind seems to animate the utmost symmetry of feature, and the most perfect manly beauty, heightened and adorned by the bloom of early youth, and a sweet elegance of expression throughout the whole, altogether inimitable. My grandfather observed, while gazing on it, that they were surely traces of perfections he had somewhere witnessed in early life; but his memory, although excellent for his years, cannot guide him to any particular object or period. We parted early, my father having some business to transact, and to-morrow we purpose, by the particular request of my kind attentive parent, to indulge ourselves with an airing in Hyde-Park, it being Sunday, when, at this season of the year, that place of fashionable resort is generally crowded by the great, the gay, and beautiful; and my dear father's motive for proposing this excursion, indeed insisting on it, is, I know, a hope, that it may tend to dissipate the gloom that at present, but too perceptibly



ceptibly hangs on both Clarinda's spirits, and those of,

Your tenderly affectionate,

IPHIGENIA.

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L E T T E R      XXXVII.

**H**OW just and awful are the awards of Providence! My father is here with intelligence, that Lord Danbury has met a severe chastisement from the arm of the gentleman, with whose Lady he lately eloped. He followed the fugitive pair to Paris, saw his Lordship, and the consequence of that interview may be easily imagined; it was productive of all that could be dreaded; the wrongs of the distracted husband would admit of no delay; he instantly drew his sword,



commanding his adversary to do the same, whose fate a few moments determined ; he fell beneath the sword of vengeance ; his wound is pronounced mortal, but he still survived, when this account left Paris, in excruciating agonies of body and mind.

The injured husband is fled, and the deluded wife is confined to her bed by a dangerous illness, from the alarm her spirits have experienced from the fatal rencontre. Alas ! poor creature, her sensibility is not yet rendered callous by depravity ; she has but just plunged into the stream of guilt. But it is the sequel of this sad relation that points most particularly to the hand of Providence. The name of this unhappy pair is Wyndham. This merchant is the only brother of the late Mrs. Sedmore ! Oh ! lovely murdered Anna ! now is thy death avenged ! I was particularly affected when my father came to this part of the relation ; he was no less so—but he knew not all the cause I had for astonishment.

“ This

“ This brother,” said he, “ is many years older than my wife would be, if living: She scarcely remembered when he left England, to pursue the steps of fortune on Indostan’s shore, where he was for a series of years extremely unsuccessful, and totally unable to afford his orphan-sister any assistance: His present fortune must therefore have been suddenly and recently acquired—but still you see riches cannot insure felicity; in the poorest hovel he might have been more blest than he now can be, deprived of a woman on whom it is said he doated, and tortured with the reflection of having taken the life of a fellow being. Himself and sister were left orphans, dependent on the bounties of their friends, soon after Anna’s birth. While she was yet in early childhood, the brother, then a fine youth, was provided for in the manner I have already described. Anna’s beauty, and uncommon talents, in the morn of her life, proved rather a misfortune than a benefit, and, in a state of dependence, procured

her more enemies than friends ; so true oft-times it is, that

——— “ To some kind of men

“ Their graces serve them but as enemies.

“ Oh ! what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it !”

After experiencing cruelty from some, scorn from many, and deceit and cold unkindness from more, Anna became the pensioner of a distant relation, a wealthy man, far advanced into the vale of years, who had been the bosom friend and dearest youthful companion of her father. Under the protection of this gentleman she long thought herself happy, till she discovered that the specious garb of the generous benefactor was only worn to conceal the heart of an unprincipled seducer ! This was her situation when I declared myself her lover. Penury threatened, and dishonor, in its basest form, the sacred form of friendship and benevolence, attempted to  
allur

allure her. She generously placed her confidence in me, and, I trust, it never was by me abused. You know the sequel, dearest girl; often have you pressed me to inform you of the particulars that marked the early fate of that worthy woman, and these are all of any importance. Would to heaven I could trace the retreat of her brother; but that is not in my power, I fear. I shall not, you are assured, neglect to make every effort I can for that purpose, though hopeless of success! He sighed out the name of Anna, martyr of his misfortunes! Such in truth she was, for had she not been deprived of her protector, she had, most probably, never lost her peace.

Our conversation next turned upon the unhappy being, whom we still distinguish by the name of Mrs. Leopald. He wished for the approach of to-morrow, when he will revisit her drear abode, and do all in his ability to alleviate her distresses—more, I

B 5

know,

know, his liberal heart now purposes, than he will allow his tongue to express. Long ere I knew this dearest of men to be my father, I traced his character to you, and informed you, with strictest justice, that his soul is a stranger to the contemptible pride resulting from any ostentatious display of generosity; his is a pride that goodness blushes not to own—the secret pride resulting from virtuous and noble deeds. Who would not boast—who would not glory in such a father? What an inestimable blessing, my Isabella, are worthy parents! Who can enough be thankful for it—enough be grateful to Bounteous Providence and them!

I must now resign my pen; the carriage waits to conduct us on our morning's excursion, and Clarinda appears to remind us of our long delay.

IN



## IN CONTINUATION.

I went out with every inclination to woo sweet cheerfulness back to her long vacant seat within my bosom; but I am returned with an aching heart, and spirits heavily oppressed. All the feelings of my soul have been called forth this morning. I have seen your uncle and aunt—they were airing in Hyde-Park—their carriage was the first we met—at sight of the well-known livery, my heart seemed to die within me—an icy coldness seized my frame—and every atom trembled! But what were my emotions, when my eyes met the objects within the coach! when I beheld these once generous, and still dear benefactors, both pale and emaciated! Your aunt looked the express image of death—her appearance shocked and grieved me—ever will they be beloved and esteemed by their rejected Iphigenia. It is as I feared, that respected Lady cannot long survive the loss of him on whom her soul doated with

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the utmost excess of maternal fondness. She is hastening, Isabella, to join him, I doubt not, in a better world. What language can convey to you the least idea of the tender and afflictive recollections that burst upon my mind?

“It is them! it is them!” I involuntarily exclaimed, and sunk back upon the bosom of my father. I am sure they both observed me, for your uncle raised himself eagerly forward as we passed, and an expression of tender pity and concern was forcibly imprinted on his countenance. I wish I knew from what those sensations arose. There was a gentleman with them, but I had not time to observe his features; my attention was too deeply engaged by the interesting objects he accompanied. They will have from your faithful pen an account of all that relates to her they long so affectionately regarded, and who never merited the forfeiture of this attachment; but made it the study of her life to prove worthy their esteem. What can  
be

be their present ideas concerning me, I am at a loss to conjecture; to them there must appear a mystery that admits of unfavorable suspicions; but time, and the efforts of my Isabella, will remove any doubts that may arise in their minds injurious to that place I once held in their opinion. Having informed my father of the cause of my agitation, he thought it most advisable not to hazard a second meeting, and ordering the coachman to set us down as near as possible to the gate that would best conduct us to Kensington-Gardens, we strolled into that delightful haunt of royalty, which the public ought to consider it a high privilege in being permitted to indulge in, and, after amusing ourselves with observing the variegated scene and objects first presented to us, we turned into an unfrequented walk to enjoy our own thoughts and conversation.

We had not proceeded many paces, when our attention was arrested by a person sitting  
on

on a bench with a child on his knee, on which he was gazing. We drew near him unobserved ; his whole soul seemed absorbed in tenderness for the little creature before him, whose face was concealed by a bonnet ; his tears fell one by one on her arm : Clarinda's accompanied his as we witnessed this touching scene, and she softly whispered to herself—" They are a parent's tears."

The object of our attention raised his eyes as we passed, and I started on beholding the features of Mr. Jefferies ; but so altered, that I could scarcely credit the evidence of my senses, till the sweet countenance of the little Maria likewise presented itself to me. I approached him, and he arose with perturbation. I pronounced his name. He clasped the child in agony to his bosom, concealed his face with her cloak, and sobbed aloud ; his emotion was equal to any I ever beheld, and far exceeded what I had imagined could exist in the mind of Mr. Jefferies—the plodding

ding mechanical trader. But so violent was his agitation on beholding me, that he was scarcely able to regain his seat. I placed myself beside him, and whispered my father and Clarinda to walk slowly onward.

“ Oh ! Miss Iphy ! ” exclaimed Mr. Jefferies, “ behold your little Maria—she is going too—she will not stay to comfort me.” The dear child looked indeed ill ; but she had not forgotten me, and on hearing the appellation her parents always gave me, she fondly threw her arms around my neck, lisping out expressions of affection, infinitely endearing.

“ Yes, you see the state my darling is reduced to,” continued Mr. Jefferies ; “ my heart is nearly broken already, and if she goes too, I can never hold up my head again—I never can survive it. Poor dear Polly, she is gone ! Oh ! Miss Iphy, why did you bring that vile Lord to my house ?

I was



I was extremely wounded ; but, without waiting a reply, Mr. Jefferies proceeded :—  
“ Ah ! poor Polly is gone ! I long foresaw that finery, and fine folks, would never bring her any good ; but I little thought how shocking it would end ; I little thought she would forget her prudent bringing up, and all the good maxims, and religious counsel of her mother, so far as to leave her husband and her child for an idle, worthless, prating, rascally fellow, because he could bow and scrape, and tell lies, and had got fine cloaths, fine airs, and a title. Nothing but his heart’s blood can satisfy me, Miss Iphy !” I was just able to tell him *that* was already spilt by a hand guided by equal wrongs and equal justice as his could have been.

“ Alas ! even that can never restore me my happiness, nor bring back my murdered wife !” he exclaimed.—I repeated involuntarily the word murdered !

“ Yes,”

“ Yes,” he echoed, “ murdered ! and by her own hand ! Lost creature, she could not bear to see my face again ; for after her fine false-hearted villain left her, I found out where she was, and pitying her case, for you know I married her for love, and loved her better than property before she grew so fine a Lady, nay, poor thing, though I was a little vexed with her nonsense sometimes, I always loved her to the last, so, finding she was left upon the stream, my anger began to subside, and my heart to relent. I knew all the world was against her, and it would be hard for me to be severe too ; besides, I remembered that I had sins of my own, and I must forgive in order to be forgiven. I looked upon my child too ; I saw her pining away after her mother, and, I am afraid, neglected by the servants, so I resolved to take Polly home again, and forget the past. Accordingly I wrote her a letter to that purpose, but it was too late, the people of the house were all in confusion when my messenger



messenger got there ; she had swallowed arsenic the night before, on finding I had traced her, and expired ere morning ! This news was broke too suddenly to me, and I have never been myself since. I shall dispose of my stock in trade, and retire from business into the country, but never expect to be the man I was again. The declining state of my little girl too is helping to break my heart. You always used to say she had great, what you call sensibility, and I am sure she must, or, at her tender age, she would not pine so about her mother ; but she has never rejoiced since she left us."

" I will be a mother to her," I exclaimed, as the little creature hung fondly upon me, " at least I will strive to supply the place of one. Shall I be your mamma, Maria ?" — The sweet child lisped out an affirmative.

" No, I will never marry again," said Mr. Jefferies, shaking his head. Melancholy

as

as were my reflections, and shocking as was the intelligence I had heard, I could ill repress a smile on the subject of Mr. Jefferies's mistake, who imagined, that in offering to supply the loss of a mother to his child, I meant to express a wish of filling up the void that loss had made in his heart.

"I have vowed never to marry again," he repeated, "else there was a time when there was nobody I thought better of than you, and I really believe you would be tender and careful of my girl—but I cannot break my oath."

"You need break no oath to insure every attention in my power to Maria, Mr. Jefferies," said I, gravely. "My gratitude to the parents of her mother, united to obligations I owe you, and my regard for the dear child herself, will make me feel a pleasure, wholly apart from any other view, in promoting her recovery, and interesting myself in a particular manner in her future welfare."

"You

“ You are still a good creature I see,” cried Mr. Jefferies, with faltering eagerness, “ and I beg pardon for my error : I might have remembered your attachment to the officer,” nodding significantly toward him ; “ for I still find you stick to one another. I suppose you will never marry now, and it is best to be sure, since things are as they are. I was always very sorry to hear as how you was betrayed. I could never have thought it possible for such a modest, strict, religious young Lady, and so sensible and well *learned* too ; but, Lord help us, we are all weak creatures ! That wretch of a nobleman was the worst acquaintance you ever made I believe. I was sorry to find how matters stood, and yet, though Polly always said he was a rogue to draw you aside, and so soon leave, she would not take warning. Well, however, the officer it seems is constant.”

“ He is so,” said I, though hurt by his insinuations, with all the composure and mildness

mildness I could assume, "constant to the nicest rules of rectitude and honor. Your ideas, Sir, relative to Lord Danbury and myself, had never, I thank heaven, any solid foundation; and for that officer, to whom you allude, he is my father!" I was agitated, and Mr. Jefferies could only express his surprise by his looks.

"Yes," I continued, "a few days ago informed us of this important fact: My generous, disinterested protector, whose philanthropic heart prompted him, from the most pure and liberal motives, to befriend my helpless situation, is now known to be my parent, and, if you please, I will introduce you to him. The constant prayer of my past life is heard, and I at length know the family that I am descended from." Mr. Jefferies pressed my hand with emotion, and cast at me a beseeching look, as if for pardon for the injurious opinions he had cherished. I arose, and taking Maria by the hand, we walked toward Clarinda and my father, and

I presented to them Mr. Jefferies, with whose name and character they were not unacquainted. He came home with us to dinner, and we found my grandfather impatiently waiting our return: A slight indisposition arising from a cold, prevented his making one of our morning party; but not all our united efforts could dissipate the melancholy that possesses the mind of Mr. Jefferies. He listened in silence to my father's account of the events that revealed us to each other, and, after expressing in his own peculiar way the pleasure this intelligence afforded him, and repeating his regret for the errors he had fallen into respecting me, he took his leave, intrusting us, at my earnest desire, with his darling Maria.

Farewell, dear girl; I am anxious for the arrival of another packet from you.

IPHIGENIA.



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LETTER XXXVIII.

**A**LTHOUGH I have regularly corresponded with the Lifford family, since our bidding them adieu, on their departure for the country, which I described to you, I have had no inducement to mention them lately, as their letters have consisted merely of sentiments of gratitude and friendship, and delineations of their domestic felicity: But a letter of this day from Mrs. Lifford, mentions a circumstance, in which we are more interested than she has the least idea of. Mr. Wyndham, the brother of the late Mrs. Sedmore, has taken refuge under their roof; their families are related, and the bond of consanguinity was cemented and strengthened by that of friendship, which Mr. Wyndham

Wyndham renewed with them on his arrival in England, soon after they quitted London. Mrs. Lifford's communication of Mr. Wyndham's having sought an asylum with them, and the particulars that led to that event, arose from my having last week, in a letter to Sally, informed them, by my father's permission, of our real name and family, our reasons for the name and character we before assumed to them, and the recent occurrences relative to our affinity and present situation. My father accompanied this proof of esteem and confidence, with an offering of his regard to the mother and daughter, and an assurance that the continuance of their friendship would afford him equal pleasure as myself; — that they would ever rank high in his opinion, and to be frequently assured of their happiness, would be no inconsiderable addition to his own.

\* Mrs. Lifford says, Mr. Wyndham was with them when our letter arrived, and, on being acquainted with its contents, his emotions



tions were indescribable, as he had made many fruitless inquiries after my father and his sister, of whose marriage he was informed but a short time previous to his departure from India, and the account of whose death has shocked and grieved him extremely. He had but a few days before his wife's elopement written to my grandfather in Ireland, as the only means he had left untried of tracing his brother and sister, and this letter, I suppose, is now at Sedmore Hill, awaiting my grandfather's return, which is daily expected there. Mrs. Lifford concludes, with describing most pathetically Mr. Wyndham's dreadful state of mind, and earnestly intreating my father will, if possible, favor them with his immediate presence, and unite his endeavors with theirs to sooth the mind of that unhappy man, whose present misfortune, I find, originates from having made an imprudent choice, and wedded a giddy girl, an adventurer from Ireland, whose view was a lucrative establishment; and who, having

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obtained that end, soon gave herself up to the unrestrained indulgence of her naturally licentious inclinations ; yet his partial tenderness still assigns to her many amiable qualities, which it is possible she may possess, although devoid of chastity ; for it is surely a vulgar error to suppose every other female virtue to center in that one, although it is undoubtedly the first and most important, and that on which many others intirely depend.

Mr. Wyndham's sudden fortune, it appears, arose from a former marriage with a Lady much older than himself, and unamiable in person as in mind, the rich widow of a man of great wealth and importance at Bengal : This Lady lived but a short time after their union, and he then thought himself at liberty to indulge his taste, and selected the beautiful girl that has proved his greatest unhappiness.

I have

I have not yet seen my father since the receipt of Mrs. Lifford's letter ; he purposed this morning again to see Mrs. Leopald, and will, I think, exert his utmost efforts to liberate her from her melancholy state ; but I am now momentarily, and with impatience, expecting him to appear.

When I first heard Mr. Wyndham mentioned, relative to the affair with Lord Danbury, he was represented as a man, whose own labours had procured him the ample fortune he possesses ; but it is now evident that it was purchased by a sacrifice, and not the reward of successful industry. My father is here.

Awful, indeed, are the avenging dispensations of heaven ! Mrs. Leopald is not permitted even to know the happiness of which she has been latterly the instrument, nor again to enjoy the blessing of liberty. She was expiring when my father reached the prison ;

her speech had failed her, and nature was struggling in its last contest. She raised herself, looked piteously in his face, and sunk back in the chill embrace of death. Thus has she paid every debt, and is released from a state of suffering, I trust, to experience the mercy and unbounded goodness of her Maker. My father is much shocked by this event, so unexpected, and Clarinda and myself are equally so by his account of it. The unfortunate woman was last night seized with the convulsions that proved fatal, and felt excruciating agonies ere the final moment arrived; she had out-lived all that is valuable in this world, and to regret her departure would be equal folly as cruelty.

The fate of the abandoned Beaufort is determined; he is to become an inhabitant of Botany Bay for the remainder of his days.

I have shewn my father Mrs. Lifford's letter, and he will set off in a few hours for  
their

their abode, to offer every aid and consolation he can afford the unhappy Mr. Wyndham.

This moment a penitential letter is brought to Clarinda from Beaufort, who knew, thro' Mrs. Leopald, of her being with us. This wretched man, groaning under the lash of the law, now begins to feel remorse for his secret villainies. He acknowledges having received many letters for her from Mortimer, which he destroyed, in order to promote his own bad views: He likewise confesses bills and money from Mortimer at different times, designed for Clarinda, but appropriated to his own purposes, to the amount (he declares) of several hundreds; a circumstance that greatly excites Clarinda's surprise; nor can she, by any means, account for Mortimer's being enabled to procure such sums in his distressful situation; but the assurances of Beaufort in this point may surely be relied on. He adds, that Mortimer

in his letters to her professes an attachment, which neither time nor misfortune can subdue, and dates every recent error from his first imprudent marriage with a woman, who possessing no one charm of mind or person, but the highest bloom of youth and health, was ill qualified to fix his heart, and he soon turned from her with disgust, and sought a balm for his disappointment in the converse of more refined spirits. The momentary delirium of an ill-founded passion had seduced him into this soon repented union; he wandered from object to object, from scene to scene, became dissipated, extravagant, licentious; but satiety quickly succeeded to short-lived delight; he lavished his paternal fortune, and then commenced adventurer. A formal separation had previously taken place between his Lady and himself: He engaged himself to allow her a narrow income, to support her in a cheap province in France, the place she chose for her residence, in preference to an obscure  
part



part of England. He gladly acceded to her choice ; nor would she ever have revisited England, or given herself any trouble concerning him, but from a failure in the stipulated remittances, as she had long been notoriously attached to a native of Gallia, not less poor than in himself despicable ; a friseur, who has lately followed her to England, and now lives with her in the character of husband.

The soul of the unhappy Mortimer, formed for a superior attachment than she was capable of participating in, and sighing for the communion of a kindred mind, sighed in vain, till he beheld Clarinda. In her he found the being every way fitted to engage his warmest, truest affections. He beheld in her all his heart had in its secret moments aspired to possess—beauty, sense, sensibility, refinement, and manners, where elegance and simplicity were combined. He loved her, even to madness loved her, and

sacrificed every just consideration to the wishes she inspired ; fatal sacrifice both to her and himself !

Clarinda is deeply affected by the contents of Beaufort's letter ; he says, the place where Mortimer's last was dated from was Paris ; but that there has been a lapse of many months since its arrival.

I am in momentary expectation of my father's coming to bid us adieu, ere his departure for the family residence of Mr. Liford, and till then resign my pen.

IN CONTINUATION.

I had just locked up my writing, and was going to join Clarinda, who is generally employed above stairs, and while she diligently plies her needle, is too often deeply absorbed in gloomy recollections, when the servant announced a gentleman visitor. I  
desired

desired he might be shewed in, and the physician who attended me in my late illness entered. This gentleman is a man of singular worth, and universally amiable character ; but I was rather surpris'd at his appearance, not having before seen him since my recovery, nor having any reason to expect a visit from him.

“ Miss Sedmore,” said he, addressing me with a serious air, and by the name he had known me during his attendance here, but quite unacquainted with the late event proving my natural right to that name, “ I come on an embassy that places me in rather an awkward situation.” He paused, and proceeded: “ I presume you saw me lately in Hyde-Park with Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, to whom you are well known I find.”

“ Known !” I repeated ; “ indeed I am, Sir ! But is it at their request I am honored with your presence ?”

C 5

“ I am

“ I am commissioned by them now to pay my respects to you,” replied the worthy man ; “ but be not thus alarmed, my dear young Lady ; they are your friends, believe me.”

“ They once were,” I could only say.

“ And still continue very sincerely so, I assure you,” he returned : “ They likewise are desirous of convincing you of this truth ; they wish to see you, and I have given them my word to bring you to them. It is but very lately,” he added, “ that I have had the honor of being known to this noble family. — Mrs. Worthington’s declining health brought them to town, for the purpose of procuring more able medical advice than was possible in the country. I was called in, but I am doubtful of the efficacy of any mortal aid. I think nothing short of a miracle can restore her, nor long prolong her life. Her disorder originates from a mental

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cause,

cause, and complaints of that nature are usually the most fatal, where strong feelings are united with a delicate frame. They will in a few days again return to Arran-Vale, whither I shall accompany them. Mrs. Worthington was greatly affected when their carriage met that in which you were seated. The worthy pair both mentioned you with affectionate emotion; they called you their loved Iphigenia, and sadness was blended with regard in their manner and expressions when they spoke of you. I told them I knew you likewise, and mentioned the circumstance of your illness. They were surprised at my relation. Little more at that time passed on the subject; but when I waited on them this morning, Mrs. Worthington strongly expressed a wish to see you. I undertook to do all in my power toward procuring the gratification of her, I am sure, friendly solicitude, and you will not, I am sure, my dear Madam, disappoint my hopes, nor refuse to acquiesce with the affectionate

wish of one so worthy. I am intirely ignorant of her motive for desiring to see you, therefore cannot inform you of it, and, perhaps, it does not originate from any particular cause."

The good man saw my heart was full : I would have been thankful for the relief of a few tears, but they were denied : I could only falter out—" You are generous, Sir, to undertake this ; I am ready to attend you. Oh ! well do I know the worth of that dear exalted family." I rang the bell for my hat and cloak, and leaving a message for Clarinda and my father, accompanied the doctor to his chariot, which waited at the door, and in a few moments conveyed us to the abode of the most tenderly esteemed and revered of benefactors. We were shewn into a parlour, where we were scarcely seated, when a female servant entered, and informed me, that her Lady requested I would allow her to conduct me to her dressing-



sing-room. I obeyed in silence, and ascended the stairs with feelings which to you, I am sure, I need not delineate, for you will easily conceive what they must have been. When I reached the door of the dressing-room, my feet would ill perform their office. I stopped, and was obliged to rest a moment on a part of the ballustrade that was near me; but collecting my utmost strength of mind, I entered the room, and your dear aunt arose from her seat, pale and trembling. We were, I believe, equally agitated; the servant withdrew, by the command of my once kind protectress. I seated myself beside her, and a few friendly tears, in some degree, softened the oppression and tremor of my heart; but raising my eyes, I beheld that small and beautiful portrait of your cousin, so valued by his mother, and my emotions again became indescribable. Alas! why was it there? It recalled images to my recollection, that almost deprived me of my senses. I sat with my eyes rivetted on the  
dear

dear resemblance, in speechless and immovable sadness, until your aunt broke the painful silence by saying — “ Iphigenia, I believe we once wronged you in our opinions, and I am willing to indulge the flattering hope that you are still less culpable, and less unfortunate than we fear, less than the voice of common fame reports ! My tears now flowed in torrents.

“ Poor child,” said she, looking on me with tender melancholy, “ your soul was once the residence of purity, and if it is no longer so — from our rigour, I fear, you may date that worst of calamities.” I was lost to utterance, and her voice faltered. — “ Yes,” she continued, “ we left you to a protection, I fear, unworthy our trust ; we thereby exposed you to evils, no doubt, too powerful for your years and inexperience ; and, if you have suffered by it, if ever so fatally suffered, I will exert my utmost efforts to conduct you back to peace.  
Mr.

Mr. Worthington will be no less happy than myself again to be your friend and protector. You shall return with us to Arran-Vale — shall be to us a daughter. I threw myself on my knees; I embraced hers, and bathed her hands with tears of gratitude.

“ Oh! it is impossible that heart so tender can be corrupt!” she exclaimed, raising me.

“ Never!” I murmured out. — “ Ah! dearest Lady, who has so cruelly wronged me?”

“ Then you really abhor pollution!” she eagerly cried; “you long to return to virtue’s sacred paths! You will renounce this base destroyer! this deluding officer—this vile Sedmore! who, under the name of brother, has, I greatly fear, stained your soul with guilt, and allured you from that rectitude you once revered! Did you not follow him to prison? Did not his distresses, occasioned by extravagance,

vagance, bring on you an illness that nearly cost your life, and are you not still devoted to him ?”

“ Devoted !” I exclaimed, “ dear Madam, you are misled by an injurious world. What I feel, what I have ever felt for this best of men, thus branded with infamy by the tongue of slander, is but a debt that duty claims—I am—.”

“ What—his wife !” she earnestly demanded ; I could hardly articulate the words. “ No, his daughter !” — She gazed on me, in silent astonishment and perplexity, and, as soon as I was enabled, I explained the mystery, and traced those late events already so fully described to you.

“ Iphigenia, dear girl !” she exclaimed, tenderly embracing me, “ pardon my injurious thoughts ; you have, indeed, been wronged.

wronged. But thus again to find you virtuous, innocent, and happy, is a joy I looked not for." As she pronounced the word happy, I felt the colour vary on my cheek. "You must surely be happy," she continued, "under the protection of so fond, so worthy a father as you describe, and now known to be the descendant of an ancient and honorable family, for such is that of Sedmore. In early youth, Mr. Worthington knew your grandfather well, and will rejoice again to meet him: He is, I believe, the next heir to Lord Clarencey, who is now very aged, and supposed to be near death; and far as Mr. Sedmore is advanced in life, he may yet expect an Earldom, which from him must descend to your father." The dear Lady was perfectly right; my grandfather is in daily expectation of being called upon to be the representative of the noble house of Clarencey, the family name of which is Sedmore; but honors and titles make but little impression on the mind of your Iphigenia, as I believe you know.

"Again

“ Again then,” said my loved benefactress, “ you are my daughter, the adopted daughter of my affections. We soon return to Arran-Vale, and it will bless that last scene which I feel fast approaching, if you can prevail on your parents, and your female friend with you, to accompany us thither.” I promised my acquiescence—we spoke of you—she regretted the loss of your society, and dwelt on your name with the warmth and affection of maternal love. She informed me that, by a letter from your father, they had reason to conclude you must, ere now, be united to an amiable young man of great expectations and consequence, who has been your professed adorer from your first arrival in the east.

May heaven on this subject hear the constant prayer of my soul, and may the destiny of my generous and lovely Isabella be bright and fortunate. I arose to depart, and the dear Lady promised to inform Mr. Worthington



thington of the happy change in my affairs, and the wrongs I have experienced through unmerited distresses and persecuting calumny, and prepare him for our interview at my next visit, which I have given my word shall be to-morrow, when either my father, or my grandfather, will, I doubt not, accompany me ; perhaps both, if the latter can consistently with his feelings, defer his intended journey to Mr. Lifford's another day ; but of this I am yet uncertain, as he had been here twice during my absence, which, not knowing the cause of, rather surpris'd him, and he inform'd Clarinda he should call again in a few hours, ere he set off on his purpos'd expedition ; and several hours being now elapsed since he left that message, he will certainly soon appear ; till then adieu, my Isabella. Whatever your state now is, you will, I know, rejoice that your Iphigenia is re-united in the bonds of amity with the dear possessors of Arran-Vale,

Vale, and re-inflated in, I trust, their good opinion, as well as regard.

IPHIGENIA.

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LETTER XXXIX.

I NOW write from under the roof of my dear benefactors of Arran-Vale. Accompanied by my father, I yesterday repeated my visit here; my meeting with Mr. Worthington, my epistolary talent is unequal to convey a just idea of; nor is it necessary to a mind like yours, formed to imagine what it must be. The good old man wept over me with parental fondness; he called me his child, his long persecuted Iphigenia, and whispered to himself, as he hung tenderly over me—"But for me we had been happier."

I think

I think him much altered; but such alterations at his time of life does not so much create surprise or alarm, as when it takes place at a less advanced period, as in the case of your aunt, who is full thirty years his junior, and being so uncommonly beautiful, looks like a fair flower cropped in its prime, while, in Mr. Worthington, you only trace the natural effects of time, and read the common fate of mortality. My father was much moved at the interview; the worthy pair welcomed him with the most cordial warmth. Mr. Worthington inquired for my grandfather, and was informed, that the indisposition which has hung about him for several days past, and is now increased, could alone have prevented his accompanying us; but that he would not fail to embrace the first moment possible to renew the friendship commenced in the delightful days of youth.

“ I do not imagine,” said your uncle, addressing my father, “ that Sedmore and myself

self should now have known each other, had chance brought us together; for when we last parted he was one of the finest youths I believe ever seen, and was distinguished by the appellation of the handsome Hibernian; but time has, no doubt, laid his heavy hand on him as well as on me."

"Perhaps, Sir," he continued, "you may have heard him mention a very particular circumstance, that in those early days laid me under an obligation to your father, beyond my power ever to repay; but which left an impression on my heart that can only cease to exist with myself. He saved my life once, while we were bathing together, at the imminent hazard of his own."

"And you have amply returned that benefit, Sir," said my father, with generous eagerness, "by long preserving from the dangers of unprotected female youth his Iphigenia and mine." Mr. Worthington smiled,

smiled, but gloomily, and looked dissatisfied with himself; that dissatisfaction, I fear, arose from too keen a recollection of what latterly occurred relative to me. Several hours glided away imperceptibly in this society, to me so dear, so delightful. My return with them to Arran-Vale was again mentioned; my father unreluctantly acceded to the proposal, I promised to prevail on my grandfather to make one of the party, and Clarinda was invited to accompany us: My father excused himself, saying, but for this event he should ere then have been on his journey to visit a friend, whose situation would not admit of his longer delay. Finding we were unsettled, and not most eligibly circumstanced, in separate lodgings, as our expected departure for Ireland lately prevented our taking any steps to fix ourselves more agreeably, your uncle and aunt intreated we would give up our apartments, discharge our servants, and become a part of their family during their short continuance  
in

in London; with this plan we all acquiesced; and my father accompanied us here this morning. My grandfather and Mr. Worthington were reciprocally affected at meeting; they are mutually esteemed by each other, and the scene was truly touching. My father continued with us but a very short time, and is now far on his way to the abode of his grateful friends, and unfortunate brother.

## IN CONTINUATION.

Joy to the dearest friend of my soul :  
May happiness in its fairest, brightest form,  
ever hover around the future days of my  
Isabella ! Your packet is just arrived, and I  
am blest with assurance that you are united  
with the amiable, the (by every account)  
truly deserving son of the gallant general  
Leslie ; yet, may I not accuse you of reserve?  
When you ranked this noble youth among  
your professed admirers, did you inform me  
he was so eminently favored by you and na-  
ture ?



ture? Was this concealment kind? But I pardon the want of confidence, and ascribe it to its real source—a vivacity, and consequent thoughtlessness, which, while it is excessive, is generally in you most amiable and endearing. Offer my congratulations to your exalted partner; tell him I shall claim a share in his esteem, and remember I engage you to prepossess him in favor of a melancholy girl, who is sensible that her unconquerable dejection is a kind of ingratitude to that gracious Being, to whom she is indebted for such numerous and valuable blessings.

To find that you purpose to return and fix for the remainder of your days in England, affords a satisfaction to my heart, but ill expressed by all the power of language. I anticipate with rapture when we shall again meet, I trust, no more to part while we exist.

Clarinda is already high in the good opinion of your uncle and aunt, and to-morrow we bid adieu to the capital for a season.

IPHIGENIA.

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LETTER XL.

**A** GAIN an inhabitant of Arran-Vale, and seated in that bower planted by Ethbert, I pour forth the sentiments of my soul to you, its dearest partner.

I have passed a sleepless night ; how unlike those I once experienced in this abode of early happiness ! The day is now just broke ; I wandered forth to try if the fresh morning air would relieve the lassitude and painful sensations arising from broken and agitated slumbers, and mournful reflections  
guided

guided my feet unconsciously to this once favorite and happy spot. But how drooping and neglected the dear haunt of dawning friendship—its shadowing boughs look withered—the roses, jessamine, and woodbine, hang their heads—every object around me seems to mourn the loss of a protecting hand, and echo back the secret whisper of my heart. Alas ! Ethbert is no more !

Forgive me for disturbing your felicity with these images of woe ; but I find a sadness increasing on my mind since my arrival here, which I can neither subdue nor wholly repress.

Yesterday, after dinner, as we walked through the long gallery leading from the drawing-room to the steps that descend into a part of the garden, the full length portrait of Ethbert presented itself to my eyes ; those of your uncle and aunt followed mine ; we all gazed in mournful silence on the dear

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resemblance,

resemblance, which, although, as you know, but a coarse daub, done by a youth, whose natural genius for painting was then beginning to expand itself, and whose best patrons were those of Arran-Vale, is a most striking likeness. Our tears fell fast. Happy was it for me that relief came, for my heart was heavily oppressed.

The salutary air, and delightful scenes of this enchanting spot, seems to revive the languid Clarinda. May the Beneficent Author of every good give a blessing to her pious and grateful efforts ; may peace relume her mind, and health accompany that blessing. For myself, I scarcely ever hope to enjoy the perfect restoration of either ; a slow disease is rooted in my heart, and diffuses its consuming influence through all the powers of my frame. My affectionate friends sigh when they contemplate the ravages of secret grief ; but I inwardly cherish a sadly pleasing hope, that they will not deeply regret that a  
being

being is released from severe, though silent woe, who feels it impossible in this life now to be content; and whose only wish is to join that pure spirit in a better world, with whom it was not allowed she should be united in this.

You inform me, that Mr. Leslie's affairs will unavoidably detain you in India another year, and that you shall impatiently expect my answers to your last packet: I shall therefore continue to trace every occurrence that can interest your generous nature, and my prayer to heaven is, that I may be spared long enough once more to embrace and bless you; but an illness which, though not much observed, I have long felt, is now rapidly gaining ground, and every object around me is fitted to increase it. I am under the care of the worthy Dr. G——, who accompanied us here; he declares I yield too much to some oppression on my mind. Ah! he little suspects the cause: He doubts not,

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however,

however, but a short time, united with his efforts, will restore me. May heaven give efficacy to his skill, for the sake of my father and my friends, much of whose happiness, I believe, depends upon me, and, to promote which, I would wish to live, even though life were in itself the heaviest burthen ; but mine I feel to be a malady of all others most difficult to conquer, though imperceptible in its course, it is generally certain in its consequence, and my kind and justly distinguishing Isabella will not, I trust, greatly lament, when she hears that her Iphigenia is removed from secret unhappiness on earth, to the bliss that faith and hope insures in heaven !

Tenderly adieu.

LETTER



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L E T T E R   X L I.

**W**HEREVER I turn myself, the goodness of the Supreme follows my steps, and is ever present before me. This day I have received a letter from the Baroneſs Vandohn, and her charming daughter, containing moſt important intelligence. Going to viſit a gentleman in the Canton of Bern, during their journey they ſtopped at the houſe of a rich peaſant, of which there are very many in that country. The peaſant had in his youth been the dependant of a French nobleman, who in the general liberation of the priſoners of the Baſtile, eſcaped from that den of horror, where many of his beſt days were waſted in ſadneſs, and flying from the tumult of public affairs in France, ſought

a refuge for his age and broken spirits under the roof of the faithful and grateful Swiss, who introduced this venerable man to the Baron Vandohn and his family. The name of the Comte De Visme was no less esteemed than familiar to the Baron. He knew him to have been equally excellent in character, as exalted by rank. He gave him a pressing invitation to his house, and the aged Comte promised to accompany them to Geneva on their return thither. In consequence of that assurance, and greatly interested by what they knew of the story, and what they witnessed of the appearance and manners of the Comte, they hastened that event, which was to insure them his presence and society, and conducted him with hospitable warmth and generous pleasure to Geneva. Worthy characters naturally become attached to each other, as depraved ones associate in vice. A friendship, warm and sincere, took place between the Comte and the family of the Baron; the former was peculiarly pleased with the lovely

lovely Emila, who, I doubt not, shewed him every elegant and endearing attention; and she was no less delighted than grateful for his partiality: He called her his daughter, and seemed to consider her as such. —

“Once,” said he, as they strolled, Emila leaning on his arm, around the gardens of her father’s residence,—“once, charming girl, I had a daughter, and perhaps have still—an infant daughter I held in these arms—an adored wife I cherished, fondly cherished in this heart; but the ingratitude and treachery of a Court, whose interests I had defended at the risque of my life, joined with the machinations of some faithless friends, even those of my nearest blood, tempted by selfish motives to pursue me to destruction, tore me from all most dear, deprived me of liberty, and every blessing of life, and strove to deprive me of existence likewise. At that dreadful crisis heaven raised me up a friend, where I expected to meet an enemy. I had incurred the displeasure, indeed implacable

hatred and resentment of my family and nominal friends (all of whom were bigotted Catholics) by wedding a Protestant Lady, nobly descended, but of humble fortunes, whose father, an English gentleman, estranged from his family and country, by the consequences of a marriage of inclination, deemed by them unpardonable, fixed his residence in Paris, and educated his daughter there.

This gentleman lived a recluse in the midst of a gay and populous city ; accident introduced me to his acquaintance : He seemed pleased with my conversation, and I was charmed and interested by the singular refinement and noble turn of his thoughts, and the amiable peculiarity of his manners. His daughter was then in her sixteenth year, beautiful, blooming, elegant, artless, full of sensibility, and highly accomplished and engaging. My youthful heart paid her that tribute of adoration no other woman could ever exact. I was the frequent visitor of  
the

the family, and every interview increased her dominion over my soul. I loved, but my lips never revealed the language of my heart, till Iphigenia was about to lose her father, her only surviving parent. Her mother died while she was an infant."

At the mention of the name of Iphigenia, Emilia started, and the Comte, not observing her emotion, proceeded : — " When Mr. Worthington, who was descended from an honorable family of that name, drew near his last hour, agony wrung his soul, when he turned his thoughts toward his daughter, who hung over him in unutterable woe, I saw the silent struggles of their hearts, and, availing myself of a moment, when Iphigenia withdrew, to conceal from her dying parent the emotions that would no longer be repressed, I whispered peace to the tumult of his bosom, the anxiety of a fond father's soul, for the future fate of his lovely orphaned child, by assuring him of my friendship,

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avowing

avowing my chaste and honorable love, and intreating he would accept me for his son, the husband, and protector of his charming Iphigenia. A gleam of transport illumed his languid countenance : He then started scruples relative to the displeasure of my family ; but I overcame them all : I was already possessed of all I expected or hoped of worldly riches and honors ; I was wealthy, powerful, and independent.

“ Then ! ” exclaimed Mr. Worthington, “ take to your protecting arms the solace of my forrowing years, the treasure of my life, if her heart rejects not the alliance.”—Of that I had nought to fear ; the mild eyes of Iphigenia had long beamed on me with artless attachment. She obeyed the summons of her father, sweetly blushed a consent, words would less expressively have conveyed the force of to my feelings, and we were united in the presence of her father, both by a Catholic and Protestant priest.

“ No.



“ No more then will I think of applying to my inexorable relatives to protect my orphan child,” said that worthy man, after he had bestowed on us the benediction of his heart : “ My daughter has found a better asylum than they would afford her, and I die content and thankful.”

My loved Iphigenia was, indeed, a mourning bride—inexorable death advanced with hasty step—her father breathed his last in her bosom—she was long inconsolable—even the soft voice of love was unattended to, and I found it no easy task to soften her affliction, and restore her mind to peace ; but at length resignation to the Supreme Will, succeeded to the poignant grief her heart first experienced, and a just and forcible sense of duty, assisted to recall tranquillity to her mind. Our days passed in felicity too excessive to be of long duration. My Comtesse was the paragon of the Gallic court ; her beauty, it was whispered, had touched the heart of a personage

sonage high in situation and power there, and, to his influence, many scruple not to affirm we owed our ruin. A few months blessed us with an infant pledge of love, to which was given, at the wish of my Iphigenia, in memory of her mother, the name of Jessica. But ere my charming Lady was able again to visit those scenes of which she was the brightest ornament, tyrannic power snatched me from her side, and condemned me, on pretence of being discovered to be a secret enemy to that country I would have died to serve, and in whose battles I had distinguished myself in very early youth, to the melancholy confinement from which I am but lately emancipated by the revolutions now taking place in my native land. — It was at the trying moment of separation from all most dear, heaven raised me the sincere and zealous friend, before alluded to, in the person of a gallant British officer, who had disputed with me the prize of Iphigenia's heart, and in whom, from the disappointment

appointment of his dearest hopes, I had rather looked to meet a resentful foe : But his soul was the abode of the noblest virtues ; he flew to our succour, when every other avoided us as a contagion ; his generous heart was formed to feel for and alleviate the distresses he could not prevent ; he knew my innocence ; he saw my wrongs ; he consoled and cheered my drooping soul, by the most exalted assurances of sacred friendship and inviolable fidelity ; he swore to supply the loss of a protector to my wife, to be a father to my child, till I should be restored to them, and with all the fervor of the most tender esteem, he united the purity of a brother's regard for her he had once hoped to consider in a more endearing light ; but having failed in the return he had wished, passion subsided, and the gentler flame of friendship only remained. To this gentleman, then, I solemnly intrusted what was to me more dear than property, than life, or even than fame ; and I doubt not but he was faithful to the important charge.

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The devices of falshood, envy, and malice, proved fuccefsful againft me : I was accused of having planned crimes, the thought of which never entered my heart, and in confequence of that accusation I was deprived of my eftate and titles, sentenced to perpetual imprifonment and ignominy, and my life preferved with difficulty, by the powerful exertions of a few friends, who were ftimulated by the protector of my wife and child, the generous, the excellent Gilbert, to ufe their utmoft influence in my behalf ; but, though I was branded with infamy in the public eye, there was a numerous party that warmly in their hearts espoufed my caufe, though they dared not to avow their fentiments.

My friend found means frequently to convey to my dreary abode intelligence of my wife and child, the former of whom was perfecuted by the perfonage, who was, doubtlefs, the principal agent in my ruin, and who,

who, when he found all his plans to seduce her from the path of duty ineffectual, became, from the humble tender suppliant, the cruel and revengeful enemy, and the effects of his malignity were soon evinced toward herself, her protector, and her infant. Against captain Gilbert his resentment was implacable, formed for villainy himself, he suspected the truest friend the only comforter of my afflicted Iphigenia, of base designs against her honor, which, I am well convinced, his noble nature never entertained the most distant thought of, and they were at length obliged to fly from the power of their relentless persecutor, and seek refuge in England. But scarcely were they arrived there, when my lovely wife was seized by a disorder, in consequence of the sufferings of her mind, that soon proved fatal, and translated her spotless soul from this bad world to, assuredly, a blest abode in the realms of glory.

Captain

Captain Gilbert, by the means of a faithful servant that attended my Lady with fidelity through all her distresses, dispatched to me frequent accounts of all that happened, and I committed to his care a miniature of Mr. Worthington, some mourning rings to his memory, and another, with the hair of Iphigenia and myself, and a very curious device, with an altar inscribed to Virtuous Love, which were by accident about my person when I was seized by the officers of the state. These I conjured him to deliver into the hands of captain Gilbert, who was known by my child by the appellation of father, and considered as such, with a letter, wherein I endeavoured to express my sense of his goodness, besought him to consider the picture and rings as sacred deposits, and preserve them for my daughter in memory of her parents, together with the jewels of my Lady, which were valuable, and were left by her in his possession.

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The trusty messenger hastened to England on this embassy, to which I added a wish that captain Gilbert would make an effort to engage the feelings, and awaken the natural affection of the Worthington family, whose representative was the Earl of Selby, nephew to my father-in-law, in favor of my child : But from that hour all intelligence of my child, or friend, was denied me during my captivity. Numerous years revolved in sadness unutterable, and whether the servant had been unfaithful or unfortunate, was long a matter of doubt, until, immediately after my liberation, I sought this man on whom I had relied, and who only could afford me the intelligence for which my heart sighed. After many researches I traced his family (himself was no more) and from them obtained the following account :

On his arrival in England he found a letter for him from captain Gilbert, who expected his return there, informing him, that the  
loss

loss of his best friend (who was in fact his father, a Welch nobleman, whose natural child he was) had occasioned a very unpleasant and unlooked-for alteration in his affairs, and he found it indispensibly necessary to apply himself for a future support, solely to his military profession. He had therefore engaged himself in the service of a foreign prince, in whose army he possessed some powerful interest. That, in consequence of his determination, anxious to secure an eligible protection for his little ward, he had applied to the Worthington family; but the youthful Earl and his brothers were abroad, and the other branches paid no attention to what he had stated in my daughter's behalf. Thus disappointed in his best hope for her, and having neither relation nor friend in England, worthy of being intrusted with a charge so important, his only recourse in that exigency, was to commit her to the care of a widowed sister of his, a most deserving character, the relic of a gentleman of the  
most

most northern part of Ireland, where she then resided, and he was then hastening, with his adopted child ; but on his return to England, which, he hoped, would not exceed a few weeks at farthest, as the particular situation of his affairs admitted not of delay, he hoped to meet the faithful messenger of friendly intercourse, to whom he should write again on his arrival at the abode of his sister. In consequence of this letter, the man remained in London awaiting his return ; but a considerable time elapsed, and neither captain Gilbert, nor any letter from him, ever appeared. Weeks and months revolved in painful and fruitless anxiety ; at length Claude began to fear that some misfortune must have befallen my friend and child ; but he was ignorant of the name of the sister mentioned by the former, nor knew to whom to apply in his dilemma, being entirely unacquainted with any of captain Gilbert's connections, and unable to trace any that could afford him satisfactory intelligence.

In this situation the poor fellow returned to Paris ; but it having been discovered by some of my enemies, that he carried on a private correspondence with me, he was warned by a secret hand to retreat to some remote part of the kingdom, to preserve his life and liberty.

Alarmed at the threatening danger, Claude failed not to profit by the friendly counsel, and fixed his abode on the sea coast, from whence, in case of danger, he could easily escape to England. There he carried on a traffic, by which he obtained a support ; was never molested, but married the woman who gave me this intelligence, and had a numerous family by her. One evening, as he was standing on the sea-shore, a vessel was wrecked in his sight, and every soul on board perished but a Lady, whose life he preserved with the loss of his own ; for in rescuing her from death, he received a hurt in his breast that soon proved fatal ; but ere he expired,  
he

he discovered that the life he had saved was that of my daughter.

During his illness, after her own recovery, she watched his pallet with unremitting anxiety. The ring she wore on her finger (all she had preserved from the wreck) attracted his notice; he had seen it on the finger of my Iphigenia, and immediately recognized it. He inquired farther, her name, and the recital of the manner in which she was found by an Irish gentleman of the name of Sedmore, educated by him, and then the wife of his son. The description of the jewels found on the murdered protector, she had supposed her parent, all confirmed the first belief of the dying Claude, and as the discovery rejoiced, the mournful facts by which it was accompanied, wounded his grateful and feeling heart; and, while he blest and wept over her with affectionate emotion, he lamented the fate of the brave and generous Gilbert. He then repeated all he knew  
relative

relative to my daughter, advised her to hasten to England, discover herself to the family of her mother, claim the protection they surely would not withhold from her, and inform her husband, by the first opportunity, of the discovery she had made, and her almost miraculous deliverance from the jaws of threatening dissolution.

She thanked the good old man for his counsel, and prepared to put it in practice. He furnished her with money for her wants: She procured some necessary cloaths, for all she had was the garments in which she was preserved, which, excepting the linen, were unfit for future use, and, giving her all he had in his possession that had belonged to her parents, which, besides what he had from me, consisted of several articles that had belonged to her mother, in particular an embroidered handkerchief with her name, some lace, linen, and other things, which were forgotten by my wife and friend in their sudden



sudden departure from Paris, and collected by Claude the last time he awaited my commands there. The good old man expired in peace, and she was mournfully preparing for her journey to the nearest port, from which she could be commodiously conveyed to England, when she heard an account that filled her soul with alarm, and created the most dreadful fears for the life of her adored husband : It was reported that the ship he was on board was blown up by an accident at sea, and every soul was perished. Their belief of each other's fate was therefore, doubtless, equally mournful ; for he could not hope she had met a preservation so extraordinary.

She bade adieu to the family of Claude ; one of his sons conducted her to the seaport, and, after promising to write them of the success of her hopes of being received by her mother's family, she embarked in a packet for Dover, almost inconsolable

for the apprehended fate of him who possessed and merited the affections of her soul, and whom she had soon hoped to bless with a pledge of virtuous and mutual attachment. Immediately on her arrival in England, she penned a few lines to the anxious family, informing them, in a strain of distraction, that her worst fears were confirmed; that the report she had heard with them was true, and she had nothing more to hope in this life; but this terrifying account originated solely in a mistake, the name of the ship to which the husband of my child belonged, having by some accident been inserted in the public prints, instead of that of one to which the above dreadful misfortune really happened.

From that time the affectionate peasants never heard more of my daughter, nor were they so situated as to be enabled to make any inquiries about her, anxious as they were for her safety, and of her destiny from that period

period I remain in ignorance; but hope soon to obtain some account, having very lately dispatched messengers to Lord Selby in England, and the Sedmore family in Ireland, and am now expecting their return with the most inexpressible solicitude."

Emily's heart was full, and her eyes bore testimony to its emotions, when the Comte ceased. Little had she imagined, when he commenced his narration, that it was reserved for her to communicate to him the fate of his daughter; but having not many hours before received a letter from me, descriptive of every circumstance relative to the present state of our affairs, and containing a history of myself, she was qualified to give him every information he could obtain, and she began the account the Baronefs concluded, traced the events I had transmitted to them, and, while he mourned the sad loss of his daughter, his heart was gladdened, by finding that heaven had preserved to him a second.

Iphigenia, and wept over my picture presented him by Emila, which he declares to be the striking resemblance of his wife.

Thus, then, my Isabella, we are at length known to be not only united by friendship, but by consanguinity. All around me is blended amazement, and a kind of mournful satisfaction, for every discovered good comes to us with its alloy of evil. We are impatient for the return of my father, when we are to visit the Earl of Selby, our noble relative, whose very advanced age and infirm state give little hopes that he can much longer support a painful existence, and from whom you know his estates and title descends to his brother, your revered uncle, my dear protector, and new found relative.

The Baroness in her letter gives me another article of intelligence little less surprising than the former: Her lovely daughter is about to be united to my old friend and  
lover,

lover, the deserving Mr. Arlingcourt, who since the troubles in France has resided at Geneva, and has made an impression on the charming Emily, who will, I am sure, reward his merits, and be a blessing to so excellent a character. An early day is appointed for their nuptials, when they purpose to accompany the Comte to England, where he hopes to pass his few remaining days in the bosom of his family.

Oh! dear Ethbert, hadst thou but lived to witness these events; but we should then have been too blest for mortals, from whom perfect felicity is withheld. Ere now, I doubt not, you have wept over the sad account of his death, of which you were ignorant when your last left India, as you must long be of the contents of this packet.

Your dear aunt grows daily weaker, and why should we mourn in the prospect that she will soon be removed from a state of trial

to one of perfection? She was deeply affected by the letters from Geneva, and hopes to live to see my other newly discovered parent, a hope, which I can scarcely cherish. The retailers of news I find have already numbered her with the dead, and the event, we all fear, was announced in several of the daily vehicles of intelligence near a week ago! May heaven yet place far distant the great loss and misfortune which we dread, and they thus unfeelingly anticipate.

Having so much of immediate importance to our ourselves lately to communicate, I neglected before to mention the dear little Maria Jefferies having accompanied us here, under the joint care and tuition of Dr. G—, Clarinda and myself, the former of whom ministers to her health, and the latter to her mind, both of which seem to improve daily under us. Mr. Jefferies has not yet come to a resolution to resign business; nor do I imagine, while he can profit by it, he ever will,



will, or, indeed, that he would be so content as he now is out of it: A mind like his is a dismal vacuum in retirement; the active bustle of life is absolutely essential to him.

Lord Danbury is, I hear, returned to England; but is not expected long to survive—an abscess is formed in his side—the delay of death only increases his sufferings, and he is a striking, and really loathsome proof of the direful consequences of an abandoned life. The image that has been presented to us of him, strikes my senses so forcibly, that I can no longer dwell on the sad theme, but must drop my pen, and bid my Isabella a truly affectionate adieu.

IPHIGENIA.

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LETTER

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LETTER XLII.

ONE of the messengers from my grandfather, the Comte, is arrived at Lord Selby's, who has, in consequence of his intelligence, written to his brother, and he will soon depart for Selby-Park, to embrace the Earl once more, who now lies, it is supposed, near death, and to inform him of every particular respecting their new found relatives. Mr. Worthington remembers to have frequently heard of the uncle, by whom I am allied to them; but never knew more of his history than that he had highly disoblighed his family, by marrying a beautiful girl of obscure birth.

My father is again with us. I prevailed on one of the servants this evening to shew me

me the spot where the remains of Ethbert are laid, which, I lately understood, were brought hither from France in a leaden coffin, and deposited in a new vault in the parish church, the ancient one of the family being too full to receive another inhabitant. I visited the church: I drew near to the dreary receptacle that contained the dust of the dear lamented youth; but where are the words that can delineate my emotions? I hovered long over the insensible marble, and on my return was met by my father, who was informed by the servants I had walked that way. He gently chid me: I observed he looked pale and agitated; I inquired the cause, and he replied, that Mr. Wyndham's situation had greatly distressed him; that his wife had died of a frenzy fever at Paris, in consequence of the alarm, his rencontre with Lord Danbury had occasioned, united with remorse arising from her crime; that his Lordship is likewise no more, and Mr. Wyndham, in a state of deep despondence,

is preparing to re-embark for India with the next fleet, as England, he declares, is no longer a place of rest for his injured mind. He added, that Sally Lifford is soon to be married to a gentleman of handsome fortune, and that the whole family would be in a state of felicity, he thinks, as perfect as can here exist, but for the share their generous hearts take in the calamities of Mr. Wyndham. He has engaged Mr. Wyndham to take charge of this packet to you, and should he make any stay at the place of your residence, you will, I am sure, neglect no means in your power, or that of Mr. Leslie, to soften the anguish of a worthy but unfortunate man.

I have shewn my father the letters of the Baroness and Emily, and he felt all the emotion natural to a mind like his on such an occasion. Mr. Worthington was preparing for his journey to the seat of the Earl when my father arrived; but his departure is now postponed

postponed till to-morrow morning, as my father's late fatigues require the refreshment of rest, and your uncle requests he will accompany him to Selby-Park.

## IN CONTINUATION.

My father and Mr. Worthington have just left us—the former appears in a state of mind that alarms me—his spirits are perturbed—some secret thoughts seem to dwell heavily upon his mind—he is absent, but not dejected—a kind of rapture some moments played about his features, as I attentively observed him while we sat at breakfast—his heart seems labouring with something he will not express; but, perhaps, it was only the consequence of the intelligence from Geneva, and the hope of soon beholding the venerable parent of my mother. His manner has certainly been very peculiar since his return; he conversed but little during the last evening. I watched him narrowly; tears fre-

quently filled his eyes, and sighs stole from his heart; yet they rather appeared to be the tears and sighs of excessive agitation than grief. He was extremely affected too when he bade me adieu this morning, more so than could arise from a separation of a few days only; but they were evidently the emotions of tenderness and sensibility, not sorrow. I am impatient for his return, as I am almost assured there is something hangs on his mind which he wishes, yet fears, to reveal.

The fleet, I am informed, is not expected to sail in less than two months, and will most probably arrive in India ere you can leave it.

IPHIGENIA.

LETTER



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LETTER XLIII.

**I**N a state of mind, Madam, unfit to trace with her own hand the particulars of an event that has surpris'd, affected, and rejoic'd us all beyond expression. My daughter requests I will undertake to pen the narrative, of which she is at present incapable.

It was from me you received the intelligence, which, I doubt not, ere now has fill'd your heart with sorrow; that Mr. Ethbert Worthington, your amiable cousin, was deprived of life, in a manner so truly dreadful: But, while you weep over the recollection of that account, remember, that heaven oft permits us to be afflicted by illusions; that the apparent evidence of our senses cannot

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always be relied on, much less the breath of rumour; and that, in consequence of these truths, though the remains of the noble Ethbert has long been believed to rest near the dwelling of his hitherto disconsolate parents, though we have visited the spot we supposed to contain his dust, yet, it is possible, all this may have arose from error, and your amiable regretted cousin may yet be in existence, and at this moment hoping again to embrace you, the friend and sister of his soul, and welcome your return to the delightful shades of Arran-Vale.

Thus prepared, Madam, I trust, you will, without danger of alarm, peruse the following plain statement of facts, for mine is a pen that cannot adorn its tale.

Returning from my late melancholy visit to the unhappy Mr. Wyndham, as I crossed an unfrequented moor, I beheld a cloud of smoke ascending near me, and, as I drew close

close to it, I found it arose from a lonely hut, which was on fire in several places. It was a scene of horror exceeding any thing I ever witnessed! The flame began to blaze fiercely; no aid appeared to join the efforts of myself and servant, the hovel being miles distant from any other human dwelling we could observe. The night was fast approaching, and the cries of infantine distress echoed around us from within the hut. I sprang from my horse; I bade my servant follow; but as we attempted to enter, the fire burst forth furiously upon us, and we were compelled to retreat. The cries increased; I cannot express what I felt, when suddenly I saw an object issue from one of the windows. I flew towards him, and found it was a man whose youth, and elegance of form and aspect, engaged my attention even in that moment of distress. He seemed like myself a traveller, and after he had leaped from the window, which was at no great distance from the ground, without seeing me, he received  
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in his arms a woman, apparently lifeless, and five children, two of them infants, from a person, who I found was his assistant within the cottage, and who followed those he had preserved just before the cottage sunk amidst the flames.

“ Worthy Humphry, generous fellow,” exclaimed the stranger I had first seen, to the other, who I instantly discovered was his servant, “ thy goodness shall not lose its reward ; take care of the children, while I raise the poor woman, for I do not think she is dead.” The servant took the two youngest children in his arms, the rest followed him, and the gentleman gently lifted their mother from the ground, and, turning about to convey her to some place of safety, he beheld me, and started ! The moon was just risen, but the night was cloudy ; he could therefore discern our persons chiefly by the light of the fire, but was too much agitated to observe us much.

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“ An errand of mercy brought you to this spot, I doubt not,” said the interesting stranger, hastily.

“ But heaven,” I returned, “ has appointed you the agent of his preserving Power.”— We assisted their benevolent exertions, and seating those who owed to them the prolongation of their being, under a hedge that stood at the extremity of the moor, we consulted together what steps were most eligible to be pursued, and our two attendants were dispatched to the next town, which was near seven miles distant, to procure some conveyance for the drooping sufferers. The woman still continued without sense or motion; but her pulse beat, and she retained a warmth that encouraged us to hope life was not fled. In this situation we remained near three hours, when our messengers arrived with two post-chaises, in one of which were seated the gentleman with the woman, and the eldest of the children, and in the other myself with  
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the four little ones, while our servants followed with the horses.

Immediately on our reaching the town, medical assistance was called in ; the children were all scorched by the flames, but not materially, and the woman began to evince signs of returning animation before the morning dawned. By the hour of breakfast she was perfectly restored to her life and senses, and soon after gave us the following artless and melancholy account :

She was the widow of a laborious man, and with him had inhabited in humble happiness the hut in which she was found, near twenty years. Her husband had been killed by an accident a few days after the birth of her youngest child. Since that she had suffered want, united with inconsolable affliction. In vain she had applied for assistance to the surrounding gentry, who are a disgrace to the name, and last of all to the parish, but



but was rejected by all. They insisted she was able to work and maintain her family, and refused her any succour. Her children surrounded her, crying for bread, until no longer able to bear her calamity, she took a dose of laudanum, hoping to sleep her last, and the children playing with the fire during her insensibility, must have scattered it about the hovel ere they lay down to rest, and occasioned the misfortune we had witnessed.

“Poor persecuted being!” said the strange gentleman, as the woman concluded her pathetic story; “but be comforted, such evils shall assail you no more: I will, to my best, be a friend to you and your orphans.” The grateful creature threw herself before him, and passionately embraced his knees. He raised her with a benignity and emotion that spoke him of an exalted nature, and my heart glowed with the warmest esteem and approbation. The cottager retired with her children, to take some refreshment. We interchanged looks

looks of inquiry ; but were some time silent, when, suddenly starting from his seat, the stranger exclaimed :

“ Assuredly it is the same !” then approaching me with a fierceness in the countenance lately so mild and benignant, that really alarmed me, and made me imagine his senses must be deranged—“ Tell me, Sir,” he cried, with a haughty menacing air and tone—“ is not your name Sedmore ?” I bowed an affirmative, and turning wildly from me, he struck his forehead with his hands, and in a frantic manner exclaimed, “ My worst, my cruelest enemy ! Oh ! Iphigenia—Iphigenia !”——

The name of Iphigenia, and the unaccountable declaration of my being the enemy of a man I had never till then beheld, interested my feelings, and roused my curiosity in a manner I had never before experienced, and I demanded to know the meaning of his expressions.

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"I mean," said he, "that you are a villain!" I seized his arm, as he lifted it against me: There was a something about him that inspired my soul with regard for his safety, and, trembling, I cried—"Rash youth, desist: I wish not to injure or offend you; I never did designedly; and if by any means I have unknowingly, I would gladly make you any honorable retribution in my power."

"Villains I see," said he, "can assume the character of generous and brave; but you are known to me. Where was that open, liberal, honest spirit, when you seduced an inexperienced girl to infamy—when you betrayed the beauteous, blooming, once angelic Iphigenia, and reduced her to a level with the most base!"—"When," he added, with a look of horror—"oh! when you robbed me of my soul's dearest treasure!" He was almost choaked with his emotions, and I exclaimed—"Iphigenia! my Iphigenia!"

nia ! your soul's best treasure ! Heavens ! who are you ? and whence arise those mistakes ?”

“ Mistakes !” he repeated ; “ shall we not then believe our eyes ? Did she not descend to wear your name ? Did she not attend you in prison, and minister comfort to you there ? Oh ! what must your seducing arts have been to have subdued such rectitude, such purity, such a high sense of honor as she possessed ? But she is lost, and I must forget her !”

“ Lost !” I echoed, “ no, my Iphigenia is not, I trust, lost !”

“ Thine ! thine !” he cried, enraged, “ monster ! Do you avow your baseness ? Now nothing but your blood can satisfy me !”—“ That I shall not refuse you any satisfaction honor can claim, or you can wish, when called upon.—If you know my character,

character,' I replied, "you must be convinced; but first I am desirous to know your name."

"Then know," he said, "to your confusion, that my name is Worthington! Ethbert Worthington!" I seized him, unconscious what I did, in my arms; but he threw me violently from him, and, as I fell with my head against the corner of a table, I cried—"Would you murder the father of your Iphigenia?" A scene too touching for my delineation then ensued; he was at first incredulous, but I convinced him of the truths I declared, and to which you are no stranger. The struggles of his heart were inexpressible—his rapture and gratitude to heaven unbounded, when he found that Iphigenia still retained her native innocence and honor, and was then with his parents at Arran Vale, where I was hastening. In return for my most welcome intelligence he then explained the mysteries by which he was enveloped, and which excited his strongest curiosity,

osity, in the following terms, as nearly as I can recollect.

“ Wandering about, unhappy, restless, and agitated, in and around Paris, when I visited that country in pursuit of Iphigenia, and, after her return to England, was undetermined what future steps to take ; at length I resolved never to give her up, but to follow her throughout the world, sacrifice to her all other considerations, and, if she would not accept me as a husband, still to watch over her as a guardian friend, to renounce my family, rather than my pretensions to her, and withdrew myself from every other tie, even from my tender, anxious, but, in that respect, inexorable parents. Revolving this plan in my mind, I fixed my lodgings at one of the principal hotels there, and the first night of my sleeping in the house, about midnight, an alarm reached me, I arose, and was informed it was occasioned by an English gentleman being just found murdered in his apartment.



I crowded among the rest to the scene of horror : The suicide, for such he was, lay mangled on the floor in a most shocking manner ; a knife, with which he had ended his existence, lay beside him. The wretched object appeared to have suffered greatly ere he took the rash and guilty step ; but who shall say to what excess misery may impel them, what crimes it may induce them to commit ? To express what I felt on contemplating that direful scene is impossible ! Suicide had ever been to me dreadful, even in thought ; but the view of its devastations filled me with sensations of horror, till then I had never imagined. Various were the conjectures on that sad occasion. Many supposed the unfortunate man had been murdered by his servant, who had left the house in the course of the evening, saying he was dismissed, and the gentleman was not seen after ; but the dismissal of his servant, I believed, was devised by himself, to prevent any discovery he might not wish, and avoid

any chance of having his design suspected ere he had accomplished the end he was resolved on; for the poor gentleman appeared not to have been worth robbing. — Greatly affected, I retired to my chamber, leaving the rest to form what opinions they pleased, as they could not then be of any importance to the object that occasioned them. Ruminating on my bed, on the fatal event, it occurred to me, that it opened an opportunity for my putting in practice what I most wished, a temporary retreat at least from my family and friends, and might, perhaps, eventually be the means of softening their hearts toward the object of my attachment, and promoting the only wish of mine, my union with Iphigenia, by whom I had believed myself blest with an equal return of affection. In consequence of these reflections I resolved to assert, on again beholding the features of the murdered stranger, that I perfectly recollected him, to ascribe to him my own name and character, and

and get the report propagated, and the belief received, which (being myself unknown in Paris, having visited and resided there in obscurity, and my being so lately arrived at the hotel, it had never been surmised who I was) I judged it would be no difficult matter to effect. My view was never to have carried this deception to the extremes I have done, but merely to touch the hearts of my parents, to trace my adored Iphigenia, and exert my utmost efforts to prevail on her to relax the rigour of her sentiments, and excess of delicacy and gratitude, to gain from her a confession of what I had long hoped, that her heart was solely mine, and then to throw myself at my parent's feet, who would, I doubted not, gladly receive me from, as it would appear to them, the bosom of the grave, and accede to the choice they had so warmly opposed.

The plan I had formed was in its first stage, attended with all the success I could

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expect :

expect: My assertions were credited, after the trunks of the gentleman had been searched, and nothing was found to contradict them, and his want of property was ascribed to the villainy of the servant, which I rather imagine proceeded from his deranged circumstances, of which many particulars I observed, served to convince me.

He appeared to have passed the beginning of the night in destroying heaps of papers, of which the remains were visible, and, in the confusion of those around me, I espied a packet of letters between the leaves of a book in one of the windows, and, while the rest were busied in searching his trunks, I conveyed the letters into my pocket, unobserved, rightly concluding, that it might otherwise produce some discovery I did not wish, and render my plan abortive. As soon as I was alone I opened the packet, and found it to contain letters from the ill-fated writer, whose name was Mortimer, to his

his wife, whom he had married without a proper affection, to a Lady of the name of Dorington, whom he had, from the unconquerable force of a violent attachment, deceived into an unlawful union, and to a friend on whom he greatly relied, a Mr. Beaufort, to whom the packet was addressed, and to whose care the other letters were inclosed. I suppressed this packet, which would effectually have baffled my intentions, and could only be productive of distress to those it was designed for, and in its stead inclosed a bill to no very inconsiderable amount to Mr. Beaufort, for the use of the unfortunate Clarinda Dorington, whose peace had been, I found, the victim of the unhappy suicide, and whose character was by him pourtrayed in colours so engaging, as greatly to interest my heart in her favor.

After this arrangement, I quitted Paris as secretly and unnoticed as I had resided in it, and embarked for England, having seen the

remains of Mortimer properly deposited ; but they have since, I find, been disinterred, and, by the wish of my disconsolate parents, conveyed to Arran-Vale, and laid in the family vault.

On my arrival in this country, my first step was to inquire after Iphigenia, and, after many researches, having first heard a very unfavorable and ambiguous account of her from the family of Mr. Jefferies, I traced her to the lodgings, where she was known by your name, and had no farther doubt but the worst that had been insinuated to me was but too well founded : And where, said I, is perfection to be met with, if it is banished the mind of Iphigenia ? My disappointment and grief surpassed all utterance. At moments I resolved to throw myself at her feet, and conjure her to return to her native love of virtue ; but again I believed her devoted to destruction. Love and jealousy tortured my soul, and conjured up images of what never existed.



existed. I watched her door, in a disguise the eye of penetration itself could not discover me in : I witnessed your frequent visits, saw joy illumine her features when you appeared, nor doubted but the name of brother was assumed as a sanction for guilt, instead of what it really was, a defence for innocence, to shield its purity even from the breath of slander. When you were conveyed to prison, I beheld her, with all the marks of sorrow, visiting you there, nor once believed her sadness and attentions proceeded solely from the great power that gratitude and friendship ever possesses over virtuous minds ; the voice of reason and reflection was lost amidst the tumult of passion and error, by which I was then borne away, and I yielded myself up to despair. My rage against you exceeded all description, and I had surely sought your life, but for the attachment I believed Iphigenia felt for you ; and, hopeless of ever possessing that heart I believed bestowed on you, my affection for her remained unsub-

dued, and I shuddered at the idea of aiming my hand against the life of him she adored, even though it was a criminal love; so unconquerable, and so excessive was my tenderness towards her.

A repentment, little less than impious, against my parents, whom I mentally accused as the occasion of the evil I lamented, accompanied my grief for my supposed misfortune in the loss of Iphigenia, and her deviation from rectitude, and resolving that neither she nor them should ever behold me more, I retired to a small town on the sea-coast, where, after continuing a short time, having several hundreds in my possession, I withdrew totally from society, and fixed my abode in a cottage, the situation of which was peculiarly adapted to my taste, and where, from my mode of life, and the description of my solitude, I gained the appellation of the Hermit of the Rocks. — There I resided till a few days previous to  
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our rencontre, when, reading an account in a news-paper that chance directed to my hand, that my mother was no more, the voice of nature revived in my soul, and accused me as the cause of her death, and I resolved to throw myself at the feet of my father, to supplicate his forgiveness, and endeavour, by my future conduct, to expiate the errors of my youth."

The amiable narrator ceased; he already possessed an interest in my heart: I promised to exert it all in his favor with my daughter, to whom I ventured to assure him he was not indifferent, and we proceeded together to Arran-Vale. During our journey I traced every event that had, in my former relation to him, escaped my memory, respecting what had lately befallen Iphigenia and myself, and added a particular account of all I know of Mortimer and Clarinda.

When we drew near to Arran-Vale, I advised Ethbert to stop at a market-town,

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through

through which we were passing, and wait till I could properly break the account of his restoration to his parents and Iphigenia. — He acquiesced with the propriety of my proposal, and I finished my journey, attended only by my servant, as I had sat out, revolving as I went, the eminent personal and mental graces of your cousin, the beneficence of whose conduct toward the poor woman and her family had fixed him high in my esteem and favor, and marked him as a being of the most exalted order! I retraced every circumstance that had conveyed to me his character. Again I seemed to hear him gently soothing the humble mourner, the sport of bitterest adversity, and unfeeling minds. Again I beheld him, bestowing on her the contents of his purse on parting, fixing her comfortably till she could hear from him again, caressing her little ones, promising to devise a future subsistence for her and them, and my blessings upon his benevolent spirit were added to those of her widowed heart.

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On my arrival at Arran-Vale I found new matter of surprise, relative to the father of my first Lady. I met Iphigenia, too, returning from the supposed grave of Ethbert, and was solicited by Mr. Worthington to accompany him to visit Lord Selby. My heart was racked with the important discovery I had to make; but the night passed without my being enabled to attempt it. The next morning, during our ride to the Earl's, I broke it cautiously to Mr. Worthington; but it was almost more than he could bear..

“ My boy ! ” he exclaimed; “ My boy alive ! — well ! — near me ! — Oh ! let me hasten to enfold him in these aged arms, and welcome him back to society—to happiness, to the parental roof—and to his loved—his charming Iphigenia—who will not now, I trust, be withheld from him. My only child !—my most valued blessing !—never was son more beloved—more lamented ! ”

On our arrival at the Earl's, Mr. Worthington embraced the first moment possible to acquaint him with the important intelligence nearest his heart. The aged nobleman was little less rejoiced and affected than his brother. Childish himself, Ethbert was his adopted son, his destined heir, and he expressed the utmost impatience again to behold him ere his last hour (which he felt fast approaching) arrived. We, therefore, after tracing to him the occurrences that had first induced us to wait on him, returned to Arran-Vale; and informing Iphigenia, that the Earl expressed an ardent wish to see her, which was really the case. She accompanied us back to Selby-Park, and we united all our inventive powers, after her interview with the Earl, to break the discovery, which I was anxious, yet dreaded she should know, especially as the state of her health has lately created alarms in every heart where she is beloved: But her extreme caution, and her uncommon fortitude, was productive of all  
that



that could be wished. Her emotions were at first inexpressible ; but they happily subsided into a refined joy, and pious gratitude, to that Being, to whom she ascribes the glory of every happy and fortunate event.

A messenger was immediately dispatched to Ethbert. He hastened to join us at Selby Hall, while I laboured to strengthen and support the spirits of Iphigenia, and keep her prepared for the interview, which, I was assured, must call forth all the feelings of her soul. He flew to us on the wings of duty, love and friendship ; but the scene that ensued surpasses my descriptive talent. You, Madam, may better imagine than I can delineate it. Language was denied ; all was extasy unutterable ! The big tear of parental affection rolled over the furrowed cheek of the gladdened parent, as he again clasped in his trembling arms his long lost, much loved boy ! The aged Earl's emotions were little less powerful than his brother's. Ethbert's  
could

could not be exceeded, and the chastened transport of Iphigenia was such, as the most skilful pencil would fail in attempting to pourtray.

After continuing some hours with the Earl, employed in interesting discourse, we hastened our return to Arran-Vale, and, aided by Iphigenia, effected the wished communication to the dying mother, whose meeting with the restored and deeply-lamented blessing of her heart, was equally affecting as that I had just witnessed. She thanked that Providence that has spared her again to behold her son ; but she will not, I am apprehensive, long live to enjoy his society, and rejoice in his happiness, which, in his near approaching union with Iphigenia, will, I trust, be confirmed, and their future days be as blissful, their felicity as perfect as can exist on earth. An early day is fixed for the nuptials of your friends. All now is joy, harmony and happiness, at Arran-Vale, with  
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but one allay—the fast declining state of its lovely and excellent mistress. The health of Iphigenia daily amends; the society of Ethbert has already effected more than all the power of medicine would ever have done, and Dr. G——, under whose care she has lately been, often gaily declares, that her lover is the best physician, while the dear blushing girl smiles an artless assent.

My daughter has informed you that Lord Danbury is no more; but there is a sequel to his story that will, I believe, surprise you, as it has us. Filled with remorse in his latest moments for the crimes of his past life, his truest affections still resting on Miss Dorington. He expressed a strong desire to make her all the reparation then in his power for the wrongs he had done her, and, after many inquiries, hearing of her late unfortunate marriage, and consequent sufferings, together with an imperfect account of the recent events relative to us, and Clarinda's  
being

being under our protection, on his death-bed he bequeathed her a freehold estate of five hundred a year, amply stocked, with a small but eligible mansion on it, most delightfully situated, and well furnished, where she purposes soon to retire, and pass the residue of her days in solitude. Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, and the generous minded Ethbert, were purposing a future provision for this estimable, though unfortunate woman, when the above intelligence arrived; they greatly regard her. Ethbert has informed her, that he witnessed the death of Mortimer in France; but humanity, and a just consideration for the delicacy of her spirits, and her peace of mind, very properly conceals from her the real and tragic circumstances that marked his decease. The name and character of the suicide, mentioned in Ethbert's relation, she believes to be unknown, nor once suspects the mournful truth. The mystery of the sums of money mentioned by Beaufort is now explained; the most principal, at least, must

must have been that sent for her use by your cousin. Naturally just, gentle, and compassionate, Clarinda feels it a duty to relieve, if possible, the distresses of Mrs. Mortimer, which, she thinks, chiefly originate from her, and a person is dispatched to London to inquire into her present situation and conduct.

Hopeless of very soon being enabled to visit Ireland, as we now expect the arrival of the Comte De Visme, with the family of the Baron Vandohn, the tender anxiety of my mother admits not of a longer absence from her long expected visitants, and by all our joint requests, expressed in the letter of my father to her this day, wherein he has traced every late discovery, we soon hope to welcome that dear and respectable parent among the smiling circle at Arran-Vale.

I now bid you, Madam, a most respectful and affectionate adieu, offering my best congratulations and compliments on the late happy occasion to yourself and Mr. Leslie,  
in

in which every heart around me unites, and resign the pen to my daughter, who is better qualified to grace her narrative than I can be; and beg leave to assure you, that I shall ever esteem it an honor to be considered

Your devoted friend,

and obliged servant,

H. SEDMORE.

LETTER



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LETTER XLIV.

CONTRARY to my expectation, I have again the honor of addressing you. — The tumult of our dear Iphigenia's spirits, at this juncture, rendering her unequal to the wish of her heart, which ever prompts her thus to converse with the most loved of youthful friends, and finds a refined delight in the pleasing intercourse.

The bridal day, Madam, is now past. — Yesterday made my daughter the wife of our valued Ethbert, and, I trust, insured to them an equal and uncommon portion of felicity, at least, if we may be allowed to draw our conclusions from present appearances. My mother arrived here just in time to be present

sent at the nuptials : Our meeting with her was another repetition of tender emotions—such, indeed, as I never wish again to experience ; for sorrow has touched my heart too nearly, to be equal to such numerous attacks and claims upon its feelings.

Previous to the sacred ceremony, the most interested parties jointly hallowed the day by a deed of charity. The poor woman and her children, rescued from the fire, was sent for in time to arrive here that morning ; and being fixed for her life on a small and lucrative farm, on the borders of Arran-Vale, and her elder children properly placed at schools, they were permitted to mingle among the humble guests on that joyful occasion, where the grateful widow, no doubt, offered up the prayers of a heart that had been broken, for blessings on the preservers and benefactors of her and her little ones.

To describe the nuptial scene, I feel myself ill-qualified : To paint the graces of the  
happy

happy bridegroom, the adornments of the blooming bride, and all the festive refinement that distinguished the solemnity, you, doubtless, naturally expect: I will, therefore, attempt the delineation, though convinced I shall acquit myself but ill; and a parent's partiality will, you may believe, inspire me to do ample justice to the charming pair, if not to their dress, which was simple, elegant, and admirably calculated to do all that dress can effect, for personal endowments like theirs, suffer them to appear with all their native graces undisguised.

Iphigenia wore a plain muslin vest, lined with white lustring, nicely fitted to her shape, and admirably calculated to display the symmetry, elegance, and uncommon dignity of her form. Her bright, luxuriant tresses, I know, were likewise chiefly concealed under a cap, the fine lace of which shaded a part of her cheek, and added a softness and delicacy to her countenance. A pale blush adorned her features;

features ; the dimples around her mouth were scarcely visible—a serious serenity marked her looks and manner—she was perfectly composed and collected—and evidently felt and reasoned justly on the important and awful step she was about to take. No girlish giddiness—no affectation nor folly appeared ; all was dignified, and solemn as the sacred ceremony. She trembled, it is true, when Ethbert, with manly pleasure diffused over his fine face, led her to the altar ; delicate, timid, yet graceful, she acquitted herself with the utmost propriety ; piety seemed to inform her soul, and sanctify her vows. I beheld religion united with love and gratitude in both their minds, and the tear of sensibility shone in the mild expressive eyes of my daughter, as the priest pronounced his benediction : — My soul joined with him in invoking heaven to bless them ; and when I clasped her to my heart, my lips repeated the ardent invocation. The dress of Ethbert I do not particularly remember, therefore cannot describe ;

describe; I only know it was plain and graceful as himself, and might well have conveyed a just idea of his character, had it been before unknown—the choice of dress being, in my opinion, frequently delineative of the mind of the wearer.

Clarinda was elegantly habited on the happy day, and looked the image of languid loveliness. I had never before seen her but in an undress of the plainest description, and she really appeared to unexpected advantage. I think her face as critically beautiful, and her form as delicately symmetrical as any I ever observed; and while I contemplate her charms, I lament in silence that she is not as happy as she is engaging and deserving, nor can in this life ever hope to be so.

The day passed with us in tranquil joy; that of the servants soon assumed a more jovial form; their pleasures are different from those in a superior rank as their minds; their festivities

vities wear a ruder and less refined aspect—they ate and drank in abundance—sang and laughed loudly—and in the evening they assembled on the lawn before the house, and, by permission, amused us with dancing till night compelled them to retire, when, within doors, they concluded with excessive mirth, and the delights of the table.

And now, Madam, permit me again to bid you adieu, with the assurance that I no more expect to resume my correspondence with you while you remain in India; but that I ardently wish to embrace you in our milder clime, and to repeat to you, personally, with how much truth I am,

Yours, sincerely,

and respectfully,

H. SEDMORE.

LETTER



## LETTER XLV.

THE happy wife of the amiable object of my early choice and sole affections, who seems to be restored to us from the arms of death thus unexpectedly, indeed, contrary to any thing I could have hoped, established in happiness, and placed high in fortune's list. Again I return to my neglected pen, and pour out my thankfulness to Providence, who has thus guided me through the labyrinths of misfortune, and raised me to prosperity, rank, and a portion of bliss, rarely given to mortals.

But, amid all the felicity by which I am surrounded, there is yet an embittering circumstance that fills my mind with anguish. Your aunt, you are already informed, has long languished

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G

under

under a hopeless illness. Her last moment, I fear, approaches fast, therefore, my Isabella, be not greatly alarmed (deeply grieved I know you will be;) but let me warn you against a sudden shock when it arrives, for the mournful event I see is near, inevitably so. I must not dwell longer on the sad theme: She yet exists; but all hope that she will do so much longer is vanished: Her heart is broken for the loss of Ethbert, and his return cannot cure the rooted malady; fatal effect of his precipitate conduct, and youthful error; it will, I fear, plant long and poignant, if not incurable sorrow in his affectionate and susceptible mind.

My father neglected to inform you in his letters, that the messengers of inquiry to Ireland, from our dear persecuted Comte, whose arrival in England we all wish, were at Sedmore-Hill some time before my grandmother left that place to join us, accompanied her here, and are now on their return  
home

home with every satisfactory answer. Captain Gilbert's sister, to whose care my mother was to have been committed, we find has been dead many years, and must have been so ere he could arrive in the North with his little charge. She died suddenly, and by what we can learn, most probably during the lapse of time between his apprising her of his intention, and putting it in practice ; that event, together with the loss of his baggage and papers by the robbery, prevented all possibility of its being ever discovered, t now, who or from whence he was.

The generous interest that Clarinda took in the welfare and future happiness of Mrs. Mortimer, and her benevolent wish of promoting both, appears to have been bestowed on a worthless character ; for the person she employed on that business is returned with intelligence, that the wretched woman, as abandoned as she was miserable, has met a sudden and melancholy fate, having been

partly self-murdered by excessive inebriety—that shameful vice, detestable in all, but particularly disgraceful in our sex, and partly by the ill-treatment of the mean and abandoned fellow, with whom she had long criminally associated. Thus Clarinda's philanthropy cannot now be exerted in her favor, nor, were she in being, would it be of any real utility to so lost a character; for it is impossible to render the depraved happy without reforming them, which, by what we hear of Mrs. Mortimer, I fear, after so long a career in iniquity, would have been no easy task. Clarinda feels this account as a Christian, and as one whose own moral rectitude, innate sense of right, and strict principles of honor, teaches compassion for the faults of others, where the less perfect practise severity. Oh! tyrant custom, that could, in the general eye, exalt such a woman as Mrs. Mortimer, above one so unfurnished in heart, as the lovely, though unfortunate, Clarinda!

IPHIGENIA.

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LETTER XLVI.

THE monument that was erected to the memory of Ethbert is taken down, and a simpler one raised, with this inscription:

- “ To the memory of an unfortunate gentleman,  
“ Who died under the hand of misfortune,  
“ In a foreign country, ———  
“ This tribute of respect is dedicated,  
“ By one who mourned his fate.”

Thus is the wish of Ethbert gratified, and Clarinda (at whose expence he would not have purchased any indulgence to himself) still remains in happy ignorance of the cause of Mortimer's death.

Lord Selby has complimented me with a very elegant addition to my bridal ornaments in jewellery, which were before profuse, but are now really splendid; and my father declares, that I shall glitter like a star of the first magnitude when I appear in the drawing-room; the thought of which, unaccustomed as I am to such scenes, makes my heart tremble; but he assures me, that the mild dignity and benignant smiles of Britain's gracious sovereigns, will soon dissipate any embarrassment and agitation I may at first experience.

Lord Selby, who had conquered his late danger, was to have honored our nuptials with his presence; but was that morning seized with the gout in his stomach, and continues very ill ever since. He has long been, you know, extremely infirm, and it is not believed possible he can live much longer. The male part of our family have all visited him since his last severe attack: He has expressed



expressed a wish again to see me, and to-morrow I shall comply with that request.

## IN CONTINUATION.

I was preparing this morning to pay my respects at Selby-Park, in compliance with the wish of the Earl, when a messenger arrived speechless with haste, and we soon understood that our venerable relative had paid the debt of nature. He expired during the last night, and your uncle (now Lord Selby) is gone to the Park, attended by his son and my father, the latter of whom I see from my window this moment alighting at the gate.

They are all returned, and we find that the late Earl has (out of the property in his own disposal) honored my grandfather, the Comte (I suppose in consideration of his past misfortunes, and his present uncertain prospects) with a very valuable bequest, an

estate in Buckinghamshire, which will, at all events, whatever turn his affairs take, be a genteel provision for the remainder of his life, and render him easy and independent. This estate, after his decease, is to devolve to my father, from him to me, or my children, and in case neither should survive him, then to become Mr. Worthington's, by which appellation I can now distinguish your cousin, without danger of confusion from the similarity of names between the father and son, which no longer subsists, since the title of Lord Selby belongs to the former.

To you the late Earl, who tenderly inquired for you when I saw him, and in whose favor you know you always ranked high, has likewise left a legacy of five thousand pounds, as a proof of his regard, to be laid out in jewels, and presented to you on your arrival in England. My father and myself have likewise each additional marks of his esteem; to the former is bequeathed a beautifully situated,

situated, and elegantly fitted up, hunting-lodge, and adjoining lands, in a neighbouring shire, the finest sporting country in England, and to me a charming retreat, purchased not many years since, on the sea-coast, admirably adapted for enjoying every benefit from its salubriety, and where the Earl (after it became his) always passed a portion of every summer : It is therefore ready for the immediate reception of a small party, and furnished with every suitable convenience. He has likewise added to this proof of flattering approbation of his new connections, a legacy to me of ten thousand pounds ; so that fortune now showers her gifts liberally around me, and amply compensates for having so long played the niggard.

IPHIGENIA.

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LETTER

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LETTER XLVII.

**H**OW fluctuating is the state of human happiness ! Lately nought but festivity and contentment was visible at Arran-Vale ; even sickness assumed a face of joy, and your aunt, notwithstanding her declining health, appeared one of the happiest of the smiling throng : But how changed the scene—how clouded the prospect ! Gloomy sadness seems to envelope the late blissful haunts of this enchanting spot ; even the inanimate objects around us appear to droop, and mourn with us the loss of an amiable mistress ! Yes, my Isabella, that excellent Lady is no more !—Yesterday she expired in the arms of her son ! We are all inconsolable for her loss ! But self-accusation unites with poignant grief  
in

in the mind of her Lord, and not all our united efforts can, in the least degree, alleviate his sorrow.

“ Gentle being,” said he, while hanging over the insensible clay, my obduracy cost thee thy life—thy mild and affectionate nature would soon have yielded to the importunities of thy darling boy—the object of his heart had long ere now been his—had thy will only been consulted—his fatal step had been prevented—and thou hadst been spared ! I am the sufferer—thou, blest spirit, art gone to glory : But there is no longer comfort for me in this state, and it is just I should be punished for my haughty rigor, my inflexible pride. Oh ! had I but listened to thy voice, but attended to thy reasonings, my age had not thus lost its best support—thou hadst not thus been torn from me, but closed, most probably, these eyes in peace—soothed my last moments—spoke peace to my soul—and long been an ornament and blessing

bleffing to the world and our family ; but I have cut fhort the thread of thy exiftence : I was the occafion of thy darling boy's efrangement ; I broke thy heart, and peace will no more vifit mine."

Thus he continued, unmindful of all our intreaties, till forced from the corpf, which is now laid in its fad manfion, and he has not fince quitted his chamber, nor will admit even his fon to vifit him. This defpondence affects us equally, if not more than the death of his dear fainted Lady, which, as we were prepared for, we were in fome degree refigned to ; but the prefent ftate of her Lord is a kind of living death ; he is ufelefs to fociety, and a burden to himfelf.

The fervants weep—the tenants wear a face of touching melancholy—the poor have loft an invaluable friend. May heaven enable me, in fome meafure, to fupply that lofs. Every thing confpires to prove the mutability



mutability of mortal joy, and shews the weakness of being too much elated by transitory good, or depressed by, at the most, short-lived evil. For my part, affliction can never approach my heart so near, as when death lays his icy hand on those I esteem or love; but even to that, in my opinion, most trying of all human evils that ever I experienced, I endeavour to be resigned, in the reflection that it is a lot common to all, and in the hope that we shall again exist together in a far superior state. But these are consolations that seem now to have but little weight around us. The extreme sorrow of Mr. Worthington is little inferior to that of his father, and the peasantry that so lately crowded about us with congratulations, now pass the house to their daily labours with sadness imprinted on their brows, while tears of gratitude and affection for their buried benefactress, oft dwell on their countenances as they look toward us, and speak the attachment and grief of their hearts.

“ Soon,

“ Soon, I fear,” said Mr. Worthington this morning, looking pensively in my face, “ I shall be deprived of a father likewise; he cannot long, at his advanced period of life, sustain these struggles; this violent grief must soon lay him beside her he regrets. I could submit to these events with more fortitude, did I not feel a conviction that from my rash misconduct they at present originate. I have cut short the existence of my mother, and thereby hastened, I fear, the death of my father; and blest as I otherwise am, far beyond my hopes blest, still I cannot but regret the sad consequences of my youthful error—my disobedient impetuosity—my fatal estrangement—for without that I had, most probably, been equally happy as now with my Iphigenia—though to us it appears, by a concurrence of extraordinary circumstances, to have promoted that happiness so inexpressibly valuable; but heaven might, by other hidden means, have bestowed the inestimable gift, and my parents been longer  
spared

spared to participate in our felicity; but who can recall the past—who can boast of happiness so perfect as had then been my portion.”

He tenderly folded me in his arms. I was greatly moved; for did not the error he so feelingly laments arise solely from his too partial distinction, and excessive love of

Your

IPHIGENIA.

LETTER

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L E T T E R XLVIII.

**T**HE scene, in which I am now engaged, is almost equally composed of incitements to joy and gratitude, and the most tender sorrow. Our friends from Geneva are arrived. Emila is the blooming happy bride of the estimable Arlingcourt. Her parents seem to feel a second youth in contemplating the felicity of the charming pair, the faithful and excellent Jannette, my kind confidential friend during my distress at Monsieur D'Aveneux's, is Emila's attendant; and our dear Comte, I am sure, forgets all past sufferings in the joy of thus finding a second daughter—a second Iphigenia too! Our meeting was such as must have touched the feelings of a common observer, and excited emotions

emotions almost in the mind of a stoic. I, you know, have no claim to that character, therefore what I experienced you may easily suppose. But when I turn my thoughts from these motives to inspire us with happiness, to the present situation of Lord Selby, my spirit droops, and my heart seems to die within me ; a slow nervous fever, brought on by the excessive perturbation of his mind, is consuming him, and there is scarce a hope left of his recovery. I raise my eyes to Mr. Worthington, and we communicate our sad convictions on this mournful subject to each other without speaking a word. Our looks are sufficiently expressive of the meaning of our hearts—our fears are equal—and all those around us seem to read the near approaching destiny of the master of this lately happy mansion, and sympathize in our saddening apprehensions.

Clarinda, to whose amiable manners, and innate worth, Lord Selby pays the just tribute  
of

of the most friendly esteem and approbation; the engaging little Maria Jefferies, sweet child of sensibility, and most endearing sweetness, whom he regards with a fondness almost parental, Mr. Worthington, my father, and myself, alternately endeavour to sooth his sufferings, and dissipate his sadness. Clarinda, and her little lovely pupil, is, indeed, seldom absent from him, and Ethbert and myself divide our attentions between him and our guests, to whom decency, as well as friendship and duty, necessarily allots a more considerable portion of our time, than our anxiety for our dear and excellent invalid can well afford them.

The Baroness, ever delicate, and kindly considerate, already sees the painful constraint their presence, at this melancholy period, lays us under, and purposes, dispensing with our accompanying them to make an excursion to the Comte's new possessions in Buckinghamshire, my grandfather Sedmore only  
being



being of their party, and doubt not but they will continue there till the present aspect of affairs at Arran-Vale has taken a more decided turn, and we are prepared to welcome them back either with thankfulness to the Supreme for a restored blessing, which we now scarcely look for, or submission to his Will, and hearts resigned to the event, which all our sorrow can neither prevent nor recall; but that resignation, I fear, will not be easily infused into the mind of Mr. Worthington, when the threatening affliction overwhelms him.

My father and Clarinda still continue with us, and my grandmother Sedmore, who is well qualified for the office, and who is all solid worth, and feminine endearing gentleness, already undertakes to conduct our domestic affairs, and will happily continue that goodness, while I am so much engaged by other important and indispensable duties. I find, indeed, numerous and powerful claims  
upon

upon my attention, and am already convinced, that a life of ease is not to be expected in a conspicuous station. Mankind, my dear Isabella, too often behold objects at a distance through a false medium; and when they envy the sons and daughters of greatness, they reflect not how much is required of them to constitute a proper acquittal in their exalted sphere, and to what tedious forms and ceremonies they are frequently slaves, from which the humbler are happily exempt. Why is it that so few of us will discern, how nearly equal the blessings and evils, allotted to mortality, are dispensed throughout every state of human existence?

IPHIGENIA.

LETTER

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L E T T E R   XLIX.

OUR guests have this morning left us on their intended excursion, and I resume my pen, while Lord Selby enjoys a more calm repose than has ever before visited him since his confinement.

I have yet communicated but little to you relative to our Genevese friends and our amiable and revered Comte since their arrival, shall therefore dedicate to them and you the present leisure hour.

The Comte is a striking picture of dignified age, exalted rank, and the force of sorrow. Years and affliction have united to furrow his cheek, and wrinkle his brow ; but  
the

the hand of time has pressed less heavily upon him than that of heart-wrung grief, for the deprivation of all his soul held dear, his wife, his child, his friends, character, and liberty, so dear to every mortal. His long confinement and sufferings have given a cast to his features peculiarly interesting. Sorrow and feeling are written on his brow, and, added to that, he possesses a mind and sentiments where a nobility beyond what birth can give displays itself. He forms a striking contrast to my grandfather Sedmore; though both fine old men, the latter conveys to the beholder immediately an image of the closing scene of a life uniformly happy and fortunate. His spirits are unbroken—his form unbent—and health breathes its warm influence over his countenance, and sparkles in his eye, while that of the Comte, mild, pensive, and sadly thoughtful, carries to the soul a touching sense of woe, which, though past, can never be forgotten. The sorrows of his heart have bowed him forward more than the lapse  
of

of years. He is pale, thin, and languid, while the few scarcely perceptible white hairs scattered around his temples invite us to sympathy, and inspire us with respect; in short, the former must be more striking and pleasing in the general eye; but the latter will be rather more likely to interest such a heart as yours.

Emila is as beautiful and as attractive as ever—more so, it is hardly in nature to be, and Mr. Arlingcourt is much more engaging than I ever before supposed him. Successful love has given a brilliancy to his countenance, and a vivacity to his looks highly advantageous to him. The gloom of disappointment before enveloped him when we were known to each other in France; but his present strong and passionate attachment convinces me, that Emila is the only woman formed to bless him, and that the distinction he shewed me was but a transient preference, which would never have produced him the  
lasting

lasting happiness, I trust and believe, he has now secured.

The Baroness is as perfect in mind as fascinating in manners, still charmingly interesting in person, and more delicate in health than when she left England. The latter circumstance is matter of regret and alarm to her affectionate family; but her complaints, although affecting, because it must ever be so to see the amiable and worthy suffer, do not, in my opinion, threaten immediate danger; and, although they may prevent her really enjoying life, she may long, I think, benefit the society in which she is placed, by her bright examples and virtues. The Baron is still the same happy, benevolent, good-natured being he has, I doubt not, ever been, and will continue while in existence. His is not a heart that sorrow can ever deeply touch; his mind is naturally too volatile to retain sad impressions long, although it is expanded with genuine and active philanthropy.

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The affectionate, the artless and gentle-hearted Jannette, was in a transport of joy at again beholding us. She wept with rapture, and repeatedly blessed us. Ethbert smiled, pleased with her simplicity, and expressions of attachment to me. We have each made her a bridal present, but that from him is the most considerable.

While she was here, this good girl, who possesses more worth and sensibility than is often retained by the children of servitude, was, I understood, greatly carested among our domestics and peasants. She is really handsome, well shaped, vivacious, sings and dances admirably, and is never reluctant or weary of doing either. She has therefore been the darling of our commonalty, and the only son of a wealthy farmer in our neighbourhood has, I find, made her a tender of his hand—an offer I should think worthy her consideration, and it would afford me a satisfaction to see Jannette advantageously

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and

and happily fixed with a deserving husband near me ; but I do not find she has yet given the young farmer, who is extremely personable, and bears an unblemished character, a decided answer : Indeed, she is almost too thoughtless to enter into wedlock, for the volatility natural to her country, in a great excess, is her principal fault ; and if she does accede to the intreaties of her rural lover, I believe, her attachment to us will be the principal inducement ; for of love she seems to me to have little idea at present, replete as her soul is with sensibility, and formed for affection ; but the handsome peasant's ardent vows may, perhaps, kindle the flame of mutual tenderness. I feel a pleasure in contemplating humble worth and happiness, and as I find the young farmer so deserving, and so deeply enamoured, that he declares his future days must be wretched without Jannette, I design to use my interest in his behalf, on her return from Buckinghamshire, whither she is now gone to attend her Lady ;  
but

but I know not whether there will not be some injustice, as well as cruelty, in thus becoming the advocate of my countryman, as Jannette has made a no less intire and valuable conquest of the heart of a wealthy peasant in Switzerland, and not having any great preference for either, will not easily, I suppose, determine on her choice.

Mr. Jefferies has just paid us a visit, and seems to have recovered much of his natural cheerfulness. He came to deprive us of Maria, but the endearing child was as reluctant to leave us, as we were to part with her : Indeed, such is the attachment of the Earl for her, that we could not consent to be deprived of her at this juncture, and Mr. Jefferies readily yielded to our intreaties. I told him, I wished him not to think again of having Maria under his roof, as she must so necessarily be left to the mercy of servants, and repeated my former offer of seeing her properly educated. He bowed in acknow-

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ledgement

ledgement and acquiescence. Clarinda has often expressed a wish to have her as the companion of her solitude, and I know not where else the little favorite can be so happily and eligibly fixed, as Clarinda and her are equally attached to each other, and the former is, of all people I know, the best calculated to be intrusted with the care of youth, being perfect mistress of every elegant and useful accomplishment, strict in morals, and of a temper mild and even. Her leisure will empower her to pay a more regular attention to our endearing pupil than I could hope to do, immersed, as I must expect to be, in the busier scenes of life.

A summons from the Earl compels me to bid you adieu, with that sincere affection, which will ever warm the heart of,

Your tenderly devoted,

IPHIGENIA.

LETTER

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LETTER L.

**T**HE remains of the dear languishing sufferer, about whose fate we have endured many weeks of most painful anxiety, are this day laid in the bosom of our common parent, earth!

Death was to him a welcome release from a state, which, having lost its only charm, he no longer wished to continue in. His afflicted son and myself witnessed his last moments, and received the fervent benediction of his parting soul; till that awful moment I had never beheld the separation between body and spirit, and the scene will not, I am assured, while I exist, ever be erased from my memory.

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"You

“ You will, I trust,” said he, “ endeavour to merit the continued blessings and favours of Providence. Endeavour to imitate the virtues of your ancestors, and be worthy representatives of the house of Selby. Forget not, my children, your duty to Him to whom we are indebted for every good ; without religion there can be no stability in virtue ; moral rectitude will be of short duration unless built upon that only solid rock, which is impregnable, and will out last the foundations of the world. Above all things, as a most acceptable part of your service to the Deity, neglect not the practice of charity in all its various branches, for with such exercises he has declared himself well pleased. Be mild, indulgent, forgiving to others, though strict toward yourselves. Look up, with a wish to imitate, to the example of the Son of God when on earth. Observe his precepts, and study to observe them. Remember the poor ; they are your brethren, and act toward them as such ; be lenient to their faults, and strive



to amend them, and alleviate their afflictions and distresses, and the Being, who alone can insure you the continuance of prosperity and happiness, will not fail in his reward to your obedience." — He paused, and continued, looking tenderly in my face—" You, dear Iphigenia, are formed to trace the bright copy gone before you in the late loved mistress of this mansion ; a better you cannot have. Let the lowly and distressed around you tell her worth, and inspire you with a noble emulation to follow her steps. I go to join, I trust, her spirit ; it has been the prayer of my heart, and the Supreme has graciously granted it ; therefore let not, I charge you, what is to me an incitement to joy and thankfulness, be converted by you into an occasion of unavailing sorrow, and impious murmuring against the irrevocable and welcome decree."

Our emotions were silent, but not the less acute, and we soon needed all the fortitude with which he had laboured to inspire us.

Reason, religion, the injunctions of his dying father, and my efforts and arguments, are yet insufficient to soften or combat the grief arising from this dreaded event in the bosom of my loved Lord. Filial piety and affection rules over the faculties of his mind, and time and heaven only can lessen the force of his extreme regret.

IPHIGENIA.

LETTER

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LETTER LI.

**O**UR friends are again assembled around us, endeavouring to efface the keen sense of sorrow for the loss of parents so estimable; but as yet I can say but little of the success of their endeavours. My dear Lord is still gloomy, sad, and unsocial; and amid these scenes, I fear, it will be long ere he regains the tranquillity of his mind: It is therefore my wish, that we acquiesce with the importunity of my grandfather Sedmore, to quit Arran-Vale for a time, pass the remainder of the summer with them in Ireland, visit Clarinda's solitude either as we go or come back, and return to winter in London, when I am to be introduced to the great and fashionable world, of which at present I know so very little. This plan, I hope, we

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shall

shall prevail on your cousin to accede to, and I bid the hours fly swiftly by, to hasten the time, that we expect will again procure us the happiness of your society, and that of your gallant, elegant, accomplished, and amiable Colonel, in whose praise I have heard much from a gentleman lately returned from your part of the world.

We have this day received letters from Mr. and Mrs. Lifford, mentioning a circumstance that has extremely shocked and concerned them, and no less surpris'd us. The gentleman, to whom Sally was engaged, is providentially discovered, ere she became his victim, to be already the husband of another woman, whom he has abandoned to hopeless sorrow, from no other cause but that of his possessing a most wavering, unfeeling, ungrateful, and unprincipled heart, as she is known to be a truly deserving character, a tender, faithful wife, and in all respects equally lovely as estimable; but from his barbarous conduct,

conduct, now condemned to waste her days in lone obscurity in some distant country, but where is not exactly known. A fortunate chance occasioned this discovery in time to prevent the otherwise inevitable and fatal consequences that must have been the result of his base designs against the innocent and excellent daughter of Mr. Lifford. This abandoned man is, we find, a countryman of my father's, and the contrast between their characters proves how unjust the inferences too often drawn from national prejudice or partiality; for neither virtue nor depravity is confined to any particular clime, but assuredly exists, though not, perhaps, on terms alike equal, in every country on the face of the globe.

Sally Lifford's affections were, it appears, strongly engaged in favour of her unprincipled lover, a circumstance that more affects her parents than any other attending this discovery, as the amiable girl's peace of mind,

it is feared, is the prey of this unworthy character, who is in person and manners no less captivating than abandoned in mind. He is but lately come to the possession of his present ample fortune, and has endured a long course of adversity, which evinces that the school of affliction is not to all alike profitable, and that it is only the naturally well disposed can imbibe in it useful and salutary wisdom; to those of a contrary description, devoid of principle or fortitude, I fear, it frequently involves in all the horrors of depravity.

By the same channel of intelligence, that the late distraction of Mr. Wyndham is subsided into a melancholy calm, life appears to him a burden, and, at intervals, all their persuasions are necessary to prevent his delivering himself up into the hands of justice, to stand his trial for the death of Lord Danbury, which, if he did, the result would certainly be an honorable acquittal, as we are informed  
that



that his Lordship, filled with compunction for his past offences, and stung with the consciousness of the injury done to the sister of his adversary, whose arm was nerved by the force of a double vengeance, in his last moments, failed not, in the most solemn manner, before respectable witnesses, to say every thing contrition could suggest to ward off any fatal consequence to him, whom he then considered as the just instrument of a righteously avenging Power, whose punishment inflicted in this life will, we hope, insure the penitent profligate mercy in a future state.

## IN CONTINUATION.

Mr. Jefferies is again with us. His anxious affection for his darling child makes him our frequent visitor, and he seems intirely to have conquered his late sorrow, and pursues with equal avidity as ever the acquirement of his idol wealth, which daily increases with

his

his unwearied labours. But zealous as he is in his devotions at the shrine of Mammon, it has not rendered his heart callous to tender impressions, not has his first unhappy choice of a partner for life, given him a lasting disgust to the marriage state, as is now evinced by his having declared himself the warm admirer of Jannette, and made her a tender of his hand, and the participation of the fruits of his industry. His love, you will conclude, is not aspiring ; but neither does it stoop beneath his rank in this preference of Jannette, who is the orphan daughter of a very respectable, although unprosperous, citizen of Paris : But by nature a coquet, she keeps all her lovers, who are now increased to a numerous train, in a state of uncertainty, and dispenses her smiles and frowns alike to all ; nor can all my influence prevail on her to act more consistently with my ideas of female propriety, and by generously avowing her preference of one, or rejection of all, at once determine their fate. Jannette is too  
much

much of a French woman to listen, in this point, to all the lessons of English prudence and reserve ; and I do not find that any of her suitors, the young farmer excepted, are endued with that portion of sensibility, as to be deeply wounded by her mode of conduct ; for Mr. Jefferies, I will take upon me to answer, that if he experiences the disappointment, which I predict he will, in his present flattering hopes of success, founded on the well known, and oft proved power of his gold, he will find a cure among those of our country-women less disinterested than the giddy object of his present wishes ; for to efface the sense of past sorrow, by a second matrimonial engagement, is avowedly the settled purpose of his heart. The little Maria improves daily under the instructions of Clarinda, and is a general favourite among us. She promises to be equally beautiful, sensible, and attractive, and will, I doubt not, by the efforts of her amiable tutoreſs, be rendered a very accomplished and lovely woman, if heaven spares her to attain

attain maturity, and do honour to the fortune which her father is labouring to acquire, he declares, solely from his affection for his charming child; whether a second union may not produce an alteration of sentiment, it is not easy to determine; but whatever change takes place, gratitude to the parents of Maria's mother, as well as affection for the little endearing prattler, will render me through life her friend, and make me zealous to promote her interest and happiness.

A few days hence it is determined, that we bid adieu to Arran-Vale for a season, and hasten to Ireland, where my grandfather's affairs demand his return, and admits not of a longer delay: Clarinda and Maria will, therefore, together with our Genevese friends, be of our party there, and our visit to the destined retirement of the former, will not take place till on our return; as it is not laying in our road, it would necessarily occasion a lapse of time, not now to be dispensed with,

from

from the urgent business at Sedmore-Hill, awaiting the arrival of its master.

Adieu, perhaps, until I am enabled to inform you that we are arrived in Hibernia, and lest the fleet should sail ere I can give you that intelligence, my Lord will close this packet with a few lines from himself, and we shall get it conveyed to Mr. Wyndham's care, previous to our departure; and if it appears likely that our letters from Ireland will be here in time to reach you by the same hand, I shall not fail to forward them to Mr. Wyndham, inclosed to some of the Lifford family.

Your heart, my Isabella, I am convinced, needs no assurance with how much truth and affection I shall, during life, remain, as ever, truly and invariably,

Yours,

IPHIGENIA.

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LETTER LII.

**Y**OUR friend and adopted brother, my loved Isabella, congratulates you from his inmost soul, and offers a portion of that sincere regard he ever bore you to the deserving partner of your heart.

Restored from an imagined death, believed to be marked by such circumstances of peculiar horror, to my affectionate, indulgent friends, and united beyond my utmost hopes to the only object of my choice, yet, while surrounded by blessings, sadness envelopes my mind, and I mourn incessantly the loss of those inestimable parents, whom I have precipitated into their graves. In vain the soft still voice of reason, and the precepts of religion, conveyed to me from the lips of  
Iphigenia,



Iphigenia, labours to inspire me with resignation ; a self-accusing spirit perturbs my mind, inflicts sufferings which I feel will not easily be vanquished, and excites sensations of conscious error, which I find it yet wholly impossible either to subdue or repress ; but I earnestly supplicate Him, who alone can compose the tumult of my thoughts, for that perfect submission to His will, which is at present denied me.

Since Iphigenia penned the last letter, an account is arrived of the death of that long useless member of society, who bore the title of Earl of Clarancy, which, together with large possessions, now belongs to the grandfather of my Lady, who is well qualified to grace it ; but whose great age cannot hope many years to enjoy the honour, which of course then descends to Captain Sedmore, whose uncommon excellence and worth, in some measure, supplies to my inexperience, a father's loss.

Preparations

Preparations are now busily making for our journey to Ireland, and this, most probably, the last packet you will receive from us, while we are divided by so immense a distance. I can but ill convey to you any idea of the impatience we feel, to embrace you once more as an inhabitant of this our favoured isle.

Yours, devotedly,

SELBY.

LETTER

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LETTER LIII.

**A**FTER a pleasant and expeditious journey, we yesterday arrived at Sedmore-Hill, the most ancient family seat of my ancestors, which, on the elder branch receiving the title of Clarancy, became the residence of the next brother and his descendants, who have possessed it ever since. It is a most romantic and charming retreat, situated on the side of a fertile eminence, and commanding a prospect extensive, varied, and delightful. The building itself is Gothic, but not large, and the country around it is fertile and luxurious. There are many noblemens and gentlemens seats scattered around it, and a friendly intercourse subsists between the families of their several owners,  
who

who will all, I suppose, soon pay us their due respects in form.

This you know is the land of convivial hospitality, and I do not imagine we shall be permitted to indulge in that sequestered life best suited to our taste, as we hope to do with little interruption at Arran-Vale, after devoting a small portion of every year in mingling with the gay throng that fill up the brilliant circles of fashion in the metropolis, more to avoid the censure of singularity, and comply with the laws of custom, than from any real pleasure we hope to derive there.

Our party are in general in high health and spirits, and all tolerably so; even the aged seem to have reaped benefit from the journey. I shall faithfully continue my journal, and if not empowered to forward its arrival in India, ere it is probable you have left that country, I shall preserve it to inform you on your return to England of every particular

particular, which, possibly, may otherwise escape my recollection.

## IN CONTINUATION.

This day your answer to that letter from my father, acquainting you with the supposed melancholy fate of my Lord, has reached us, forwarded from London; and while you are mourning the imagined loss of so dear a relative, we regret that the vast space between us must yet, for many months, keep you in ignorance of those late events, those surprising vicissitudes, which will so greatly and variously interest your feelings, and call forth all your native sensibility.

We are now immersed in a continual series of pleasurable pursuits, and the gay variety by which we are surrounded, seems to have lessened, though not removed, the gloom of sadness from the brow of my Lord. A considerable number of elegant and agreeable persons

persons of fashion form the bulk of our acquaintance here. The male part of those of exalted rank in this country, are, in general, as far as I have hitherto had an opportunity of observing, handsome and graceful in person, and highly polished and insinuating in their manners. The Ladies are likewise pleasing in exterior, many of them sensible, well informed and accomplished, and most of them possessing a great share of animal spirits; but, I think, less softness and sensibility than my amiable countrywomen, and devoid of that sweet timidity, and winning reserve, which some rank high in the list of feminine attractions.

This day we are to be honoured by a visit from a noble family, our near neighbours, who are just arrived from the capital of this kingdom, the Earl of Doneral's, whose daughters are, I hear, reigning toasts. I am already equipped, and waiting their arrival; a servant informs me they are here.

Adieu!

IPHIGENIA.



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LETTER LIV.

OUR visitors are just gone, and I devote the time between this and rest, to give you a particular description of them. The Earl of Doneral himself conveys, in person and manners, a striking idea of what his countrymen in general are. He is, though now I suppose full fifty years of age, handsome, florid, athletic, and graceful, full of spirits, gallant, elegant, and never at a loss to give to every trifle the happiest and most favourable turn. That he is a pleasing companion you will readily, and with justice, decide ; but of the qualities of his heart the world speaks less favourably : It is whispered that he is an unkind and unfaithful husband, a rigid parent, an unsteady friend, and haughty and unjust superior, and in every department

of domestic life an unamiable character. In these points, I hope, for the honour of human nature, but few of his rank and abilities, either in this or any other civilized land, resemble him. His Lady is a very pleasing woman; her countenance retains the traces of beauty, united with the vestiges of heart-felt, but concealed sorrow, and there is a look of mournful sweetness and sensibility impressed on her features, that renders her peculiarly interesting. Their daughters are all, in different degrees, striking, rather than beautiful. The eldest is a tall, shewy figure, but not finely proportioned; her face too, at the first glance, is peculiarly attractive, but wholly devoid of all those expressions that most powerfully and lastingly engage and captivate the soul. The second possesses more delicacy and softness; but these qualities are affected in her manners, and therefore disgust instead of pleasing. The youngest of these three admired belles is just commencing woman, with all the haughty self-sufficiency  
of

of the elder sister, and all the affectation of the second, to which is added a hoydenish and forward air, altogether unbecoming the female of high birth and education, and a total deficiency of every other amiable and winning grace, for the want of which, in my opinion, all the bloom of health on her cheek will never, in the eye of taste, compensate.

They were accompanied by a Lady particularly distinguished by the amiable Countess, and who came with them from Dublin to pass some time at their country residence, for the benefit of her health, which seems in a very declining state. This fair stranger is one of the most fascinating and interesting women I ever beheld or conversed with. Her form is all delicacy in the extreme—her features regular, and beautifully feminine—her eyes and hair dark, and particularly fine. There is an expression of mild sadness in the former that interests the feeling heart, and

irresistibly inspires it with favourable sentiments of their possessor. Her complexion is exquisitely fair, but pale, and she reminded me altogether of the pure, unsullied lily of vale, beauteous and unobtrusive. Her dress was in character with her person and manners, modest, simple, but elegant. She is certainly oppressed by some secret and severe affliction, that weighs heavily upon her mind, and what interests us all the more about her, she is of the same name as the bad man, who premeditated the destruction of Sally Lifford. Clarinda and this agreeable Lady seemed peculiarly pleased with each other, good hearts, especially when under affliction, naturally associate.

IPHIGENIA.

LETTER

## LETTER LV.

**T**HE lovely stranger, under the protection of the Doneral family, is the unhappy wife of Mr. Lifford's abandoned neighbour. We have seen her again: My father has made a particular inquiry about her, and this proves to be really the fact. Well may sorrow sit on her brow, and corrode her heart. What gratitude is due to heaven from those who possess that invaluable blessing, a worthy husband, and how greatly is their case to be regretted whom heaven, in its awful judgment, visits with that greatest of punishments, a depraved one. My heart is lifted up with thankfulness when I reflect how bright in that respect is my lot, and, I trust, yours, and melts with pity over the

harder destiny of the charming Mrs. Arthur, who is solicited to favour us with her society for a few weeks, if the Countess of Doneral, with whom she is a great favourite, can be prevailed on to unite her acquiescence with that of her own heart, which, I think, she is too gentle and condescending to refuse to our intreaties.

## IN CONTINUATION.

The amiable Mrs. Arthur is with us : My heart already feels a lively affection towards her, created by her merits and her sufferings, and she seems inclined to make every wished return for my partiality in her favour. What a being must that be that could witness the sorrows of so deserving a creature, and not become a sharer of them ? Does not your heart then shudder with mine, when led by that reflection to contemplate the baseness of him the cruel cause of all her afflictions ? Had she been less endowed by nature, and  
adorned



adorned by education, his crime would be less glaring; but so worthy of happiness, so formed to give it, where is the lenity can plead for a moment in his behalf, or palliate his offences against religion, duty, humanity, or even self-love, which, one would imagine, would prompt him to value the attachment of such a woman, and cherish her as the dearest treasure of his life; but folly and depravity are ever united, and folly, in its excess it must be, to condemn the affection of so lovely and endearing a wife, a friend and companion so desirable and accomplished! Walking together this morning through some of the charining haunts that distinguish this spot, the sorrows of her heart became the subject of our conversation; her mind was warmed by friendship, and opened to confide, and she traced each circumstance that marks her hapless lot.

Mrs. Arthur is the daughter of a younger branch of the Doneval family. Her father

dying while she was a child, left her with three other sisters, each mistress of about ten thousand pounds, and their only brother master of an estate of about fifteen hundred per annum. When she approached near maturity, from many contending suitors, and in preference of several highly advantageous, her heart selected Mr. Arthur, in obedience to the impulse of virtuous inclination, she made him the master of her person and fortune, and by that step incurred the displeasure of her family, and would not now have been reconciled to them but for her great sufferings, and the consequent friendship and good offices of the Countess of Doneval, who has, by her influence, made her peace with all her relations, and neglected no means in her power to promote her welfare, and alleviate her sorrows.

Soon after her union with Mr. Arthur, she found that their hearts and sentiments did not always beat in unison; but while she  
mourned

mourned the discovery, she resolved that no remedy that love or prudence could suggest should be wanting on her part to remedy what she regretted, but could not prevent, any more than she had in the warmth of blind attachment foreseen. Domestic happiness was what her soul most ardently aspired to, in the bosom of her family, in the affection of her husband, her heart centered, and her every hope was fixed. But very different were the thoughts and pursuits of Mr. Arthur; home became tedious and irksome to him soon as the charm of novelty was no more; he sought other amusements, other pleasures, than could there be found. New connections seized on his unsteady mind, and established an influence over his wavering fancy; each revolving day immersed her deeper and deeper in hopeless misery, till at length the man she adored, and to her distinction of whom she had sacrificed all other considerations, evidently beheld her, all beautiful and attractive as she now is, and more

so, as she must then have been, with disgust instead of tenderness, and turned from her little ones, dear pledges of wedded faith and love unutterable on her part, with apathy, instead of contemplating them, as her heart would have done but for his cruelty, with inexpressible rapture, as well as pious, affectionate delight, the last of which not all his unkindness could subdue, or weaken in her fond maternal bosom.

Several years slowly revolved in still increasing misery; neglect was succeeded by personal unkindness, and at length personal insult, which her delicate frame and mind was ill adapted to submit to; but she bore all unrepining; and though the baleful effects preyed deeply on her gentle heart, a murmur never passed her lips, until his baseness sought the means of its own exposure.

Mr. Arthur's fortune was in itself extremely confined; the addition his Lady brought him  
was

was very insufficient to gratify his expensive taste, and support his licentious pursuits ; his extravagance was unbounded ; the constant curb arising from circumstances unequal to his wishes soured his temper, and, at length, heavy embarrassments surrounded them, attended by no less severe, and by Mrs. Arthur much more acutely felt, domestic infelicity. The affections of the man she yet fondly loved, a treasure she valued above her existence, she found were no longer hers—ill health soon succeeded to the heart-breaking conviction—one by one her lovely children were all snatched from her—every tie was then broke that could restrain her unfeeling wanderer ; he defied the voice of censure, the impulses of honour, duty, gratitude, and every other moral obligation, and just or humane consideration ; and leaving his lovely wife languishing on the bed of sickness, by his means deprived of her best friends, and reduced almost to absolute want ; and taking with him all his rapacious hands and unfeel-

ing heart could appropriate to his own use, he disappeared from his numerous creditors with an abandoned woman, who was then the object of his preference, and the sharer of his cruel spoils, and resided with her, and others of her description, in different parts of this and the neighbouring kingdoms, as best suited his various plans and purposes, a number of years.

During this lapse of time, his lovely and deserted Lady experienced all the bitterness of sorrow past description, sorrow arising from abused love, from falshood, ingratitude, and complicated cruelty. To the acute anguish of her heart for her disappointment where she had fixed her heart, and treasured up her happiness, was added every horror that can arise from absolute penury. She had, in one of those imprudent moments, which only such as have known to love like her can judge of or excuse, she had given up her jointure to relieve his embarrassments, and



and want of even the necessaries of life began to envelope her, when heaven sent the Countess of Doneval to her aid, and in her insured a steady and zealous friend, the friend, indeed, Mrs. Arthur added, while gratitude beamed over her features, of human kind. That excellent Lady, in a short time, produced a perfect reconciliation between Mrs. Arthur and her offended family; and till she could effect that happy consequence of her interposition, she made Mrs. Arthur a genteel allowance from her own purse.

Once more received into the bosom of her natural friends, a gleam of resignation visited her saddened soul. Her residence was fixed near the abode of her brother, who had some years been united to a Lady, whose temper was haughty and unamiable to such a degree, that she objected to Mrs. Arthur's becoming a part of her family, who, although she was wounded by that refusal, did not in fact regard it, as she was settled more agreeably

ably to her taste in a small and humble retirement a few miles from their seat, and of which, while she was an inhabitant, she maintained, to the surprise of all who knew it, a perfectly good understanding with her sister-in-law, and even was distinguished by many proofs of affection from her, and the continued favour and esteem of the Countess of Doneraul, who was sometimes her guest, and ever after her generous and affectionate friend.

In this solitude she remained near eight years, when a gentleman's family in the neighbourhood, with whom she had formed an intimacy, prevailed on her to accompany them to Dublin, where they purposed to pass some months. Her health had long been in an indifferent state; her sequestered life nourished the sadness of her mind, and preyed upon her heart, and she acquiesced with the intreaty of her obliging friends, hoping, from a change of scene, to benefit her health and  
spirits :

spirits : She therefore bade adieu to the family of her brother, and was soon in the capital, where she had been many years unseen and unheard of ; but was ever esteemed and beloved, as merit like hers must be by all who are capable of distinguishing its worth.

Soon after her arrival in Dublin she was informed, and not till then, of Mr. Arthur's being come into the possession of the estate he now enjoys ; but which he could never have hoped would be his, there having been the young and promising family of another gentleman, to whom it must have descended before him, but who were all cut off in the most rapid succession, and in the bloom of youth, by an hereditary decline.

The gentleman, through whom it was that Mrs. Arthur gained the intelligence of this unlooked-for alteration in her husband's affairs, likewise added, that in England he had seen him at several public places, with every  
appendage

appendage of elegance and fashion, in high spirits, and he understood every where received as a man single and disengaged. From London this gentleman, unsuspectedly, traced him to his country residence, discovered his approaching marriage with the beautiful and virtuous devoted victim of his licentious passion, and was the secret cause of timely preventing the success otherwise fatal and inevitable, of his base designs against the honour of an amiable girl, and the peace of a worthy and happy family.

Soon after Mrs. Arthur was informed of the part this worthy man had acted, in rescuing from threatening ruin an innocent young creature (whose fate she yet silently deplored, not doubting but her abandoned husband, formed as she knows he is to engage and attach the female soul, had gained the affections of her youthful and inexperienced heart) the Earl of Doneral's family arrived in Dublin, and warmly espoused her cause.

They

They have since employed proper persons to see Mr. Arthur on behalf of his wronged Lady, and insist on his allowing her a proper support, which, in rage of passion and disappointment, it is believed, for the loss of his prey, he has very ungraciously consented to do, and settled on her, since her returning with the Earl's family to Doneral Moor, three hundred a year, which is but inconsiderable out of his present fortune.

“ But how little does my present independence, dear Lady Selby,” added the amiable mourner, “ contribute towards my real happiness. Still I weep the depravity of that heart I cannot hope to reform—still I sigh for the husband I can never regain, and would purchase, even with my life, those affections, of which I once fondly believed myself so secure, but which it is now too evident I could never have possessed; for love refines the human heart, and in all characters cherishes its object in preference to every other earthly good :



good: Cruelty is the common attendant of passion, but cannot for a moment exist with the pure ardor of a sincere love."

My heart acquiesced with her sentiments, and a tear fell to her destiny.

"Ah! happy Lady Selby," she continued, "while I witness your felicity, the true and equal attachment mutually subsisting between your Lord and yourself, when I contemplate his ardent tenderness, his lively esteem, his perfect friendship, and observe the rapture with which his eyes dwell delighted on your form and features, I deeply mourn my own hard lot, while yet my heart, free, I hope, from any taint of baleful envy, ever rejoices in the bliss of the deserving."

She added many warm encomiums on my Lord, which it is my great happiness, amid many others, to be enabled with truth to say are justly merited, and which, while she was uttering,



uttering, my bosom glowed with rapturous delight, and well are you calculated to feel and acknowledge this truth : —

- “ The heart of woman tastes no truer joy,  
“ Is never flattered with such dear enchantment,  
“ ('Tis more than selfish vanity) as when  
“ She hears the praises of the man she loves.”

Such was the pleasing joy that warmed my heart, when, after listening to the artless tale of Mrs. Arthur's sorrows, we re-entered the house together, and, being seated in my dressing-room, I informed her, that I knew the object of Mr. Arthur's late passion, and was no stranger to the wonderful escape she had just related, previous to my quitting Arran-Vale. I likewise traced to her what you already know respecting Sally Lifford and her parents, the darling of whose souls she justly is. Mrs. Arthur heard me with emotion, and blest the interposing Hand of Providence.

IPHIGENIA.

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L E T T E R LVI.

**M**RS. Arthur left us this morning with regret, and is returned to Doneral-Moor. The Earl himself came to remind her of her long absence, and she could not avoid accompanying him, though I read in her eyes an assurance that she would much rather have continued with us; indeed, if I mistake not, the great partiality of her noble relative is far from gratifying to her, as it is a partiality that is evidently more nearly allied to the warmth of passion, than the calm purity of esteem and friendship, such as she might hope from him. But whatever are Mrs. Arthur's sentiments on this subject, she delicately and laudably confines them to herself, though it is not difficult to discover that  
it

it is a cause of disquiet to her, particularly as she is most tenderly and gratefully attached to the Countess, to occasion a moment of unhappiness to whom, would, I am sure, be a source of infinite regret and distress to her. While she resided with us, a friendship, which, from the similarity of taste and mind between them, will, I have no doubt, prove equally permanent, and a happiness to both, was commenced between Clarinda and herself, and she has given us a promise to return homeward with us, and pass some time at Wood-dale, the destined solitude of the former, where we now soon purpose to be, as the far advanced season will render it unpleasant much longer to protract our journey thither, which will ere long be followed by our return to England, though not to Arran-Vale, which we shall not re-visit till after we have passed the winter season in the metropolis, when, I hope, my Lord will have almost intirely regained the native serenity of his mind, which I cannot yet boast of being  
the

the case, the loss of his estimable parents still dwelling heavily upon his memory; nor can I yet for a moment totally banish it from my own.

## IN CONTINUATION.

I now write from Clarencey-Hall, where we arrived yesterday, and it is purposed we shall remain during our continuance in this kingdom, Sedmore-Hill being no longer the property or residence of my grandfather; but given up by him to my father, who will allot a certain portion of every future year to be passed there, and the residue devoted to us in his charming hunting-lodge, near our abode, so that his time will be intirely divided between his aged parents and ourselves. This dear-invaluable father seems to have forgotten every past sorrow and evil in the contemplation of our felicity, and to be now happy, almost to a degree of bliss, which, I believe, he long despaired of again  
tasting

tasting in this life ; but who shall set bounds to Infinite Goodness, or can, without impiety, dare to say such and such things can never be, when we may daily look around us and trace the wonders and mercies of Providence, who oft lifts up the drooping heart, and places it in honour and contentment, in defiance of the predictions of mankind, and in direct contradiction of what they have deemed possible ? Who then can despair, however hard their present lot, without questioning the Power and Goodness of the Supreme, and forfeiting, by their despondence, all just right, even to hope his favour or assistance ?

While I was tracing the last word, a letter was brought me from Mrs. Arthur, evidently written in great haste and perturbation, informing me, that she had just received an account from England that her husband was on his death-bed, and earnestly requested she would instantly set off for his residence,

as

as the only wish and first hope of his soul was once more to see her, and receive her pardon ere he breathed his last. His death, she adds, is supposed to be hastened by his having given himself up to excessive inebriety, united with other abandoned courses, since his late disappointment, that there was not the shadow of an expectation he could ever recover; and such was his earnest wish to behold her once more, that she was intreated to travel post, and not delay a moment if she meant to comply with his request, lest her arrival should be too late to afford him any comfort.

“To hesitate in such a case, you know I am incapable,” she concludes: “I fly to pour consolation and peace, if possible, into the self-wounded bosom of my expiring and still dear husband! May heaven yet grant me that power. Time will not permit me to bid you a personal adieu, and express more fully the everlasting esteem and gratitude which



which my heart acknowledges for yourself, your family, and friends. I write this while the carriage is preparing. The Earl of Doneral generously offers to accompany me; he thinks it is unfit I should go without some friend; many have I lately found, and hope I shall ever rank you among the number. My best respects await your Lord, and the other excellent inhabitants of Clarencey-Hall. Dear Lady Selby farewell. I trust we shall ere long meet again, and I shall assuredly write you from England, convinced you will wish to hear of my fate."

Thus finishes the career of the cruel husband—the unprincipled libertine!—Awful event! Mercy may smooth his pillow, and whisper peace to his departing soul; but reason can hardly hope it, for has he not blasted the virtuous joy of the tender and amiable, and meditated destruction to the innocent!

IPHIGENIA.

VOL. III.

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LETTER

## LETTER LVII.

**T**HIS day a letter is arrived from Mrs. Lifford, acquainting us of the death of Mr. Arthur. He lived just long enough to see his Lady, she adds, and expired imploring her forgiveness, theirs, and that of the Almighty. It was a solemn and a striking scene. Mrs. Arthur had been confined to her bed ever since; when Mrs. Lifford's letter was written, fatigue and sorrow had acted too forcibly upon her delicate frame, but her recovery was not doubted. The Lifford family, it appears, were called in to the dying penitent, some time previous to the arrival of Mrs. Arthur, and their good offices not withheld from him; for the mild stream of humanity flows through their hearts, and is evinced in the whole tenor of their lives.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lifford says, that the Earl of Doneral has undertaken to superintend the arrangement of Mr. Arthur's affairs, and seems well qualified for the office, which he undoubtedly is.

Her daughter's health, she informs me, is in a very declining state, and their fears on her account are agonizing. Mr. Wyndham is still enveloped by listless dejection, and appears wholly wrapped up in the sad contemplation of his recent sorrows. Whenever he speaks, it is generally of the death of his Lady, or Lord Danbury. His purposed return to India, he has now dropped all idea of ; but frequently mentions his still unconquerable wish of giving himself up into the hands of justice.

The fleet is not, I find, yet expected to sail, and I hope to be able to dispatch a second packet to go by the same gentleman, to whose care the former is intrusted.

The bulk of Mr. Arthur's fortune, we hear, from the Countess of Doneral, who was this morning here, but who has not received any letter from the Earl since his arrival in England, will now descend to a younger brother of his, as estimable as he has been depraved, and who is now labouring to procure that independence hitherto denied him, under an opulent merchant in the island of Madeira; to him, I trust, his new possessions will prove a real blessing, and be rendered, as the gifts of fortune are by Providence designed, a benefit to others, as well as to their immediate owner.

The amiable Countess, though always pleasing, never appears at ease within her own mind: She regrets the absence of her Lord, without whom, she affectionately said, they were all listless, unsocial, and unsatisfied, and, I fear, they are not very happy when with him. Clarinda greatly regrets that she is deprived of the society of her new friend,  
and

and the hope of having her for the companion of her retirement, at least, whatever turn the present face of Mrs. Arthur's affairs take, the pleasing prospects of rational seclusion from the tumultuous scenes of life, which she had imagined to herself, and in which plan Mrs. Arthur was a principal sharer, must now wait their completion many months longer. We are all anxious to receive a further account of this lovely unfortunate, and my heart is equally interested respecting the health of Sally Lifford, on whose life and welfare rest, in a great degree, those of her parents.

## IPHIGENIA.

K 3

LETTER

## LETTER LVIII.

**T**HE Countess of Doneral has honoured us with another visit. She came to inform us that she had received a letter from her Lord, and that Mrs. Arthur is out of danger. She will now be mistress of a handsome independence, and be enabled to exercise the native liberality of her heart, an exalted blessing, which she has been long denied.

The Earl mentions the Lifford family, with many encomiums, particularly the elegant and lovely Sally, by whose story, from her parents lips, he declares he was deeply affected, and expresses himself interested for her recovery. Mr. Wyndham's unhappy tale,  
and



and rigid confinement, with the peculiarity of his present situation, renders him unknown and unheard of by the Earl; we therefore hear nothing of him, since what was mentioned by Mrs. Lifford; but my father will write to that unhappy gentleman soon, about whom he is often extremely anxious.

The day fixed for our departure for England is not far distant. I shall leave our friends here with as much regret, as our absence will, I know, excite within their aged hearts, for their great years necessarily suggest to them, that, perhaps, we meet no more; but in fact the thought might be equally applicable were they in the bloom of life, instead of near its conclusion; for death is perpetually threatening us at every period of our existence, and frequently arrests the young, healthy, and thoughtless, who look forward in the illusive persuasion of innumerable revolving years in store for them!

K 4

My

My father will return with us to England, continue there during the winter, visit his parents in the spring, and be with us again at the conclusion of the ensuing summer, at least such is his present plan.

Mr. Arlingcourt has lately received a letter, forwarded here from London, from my old protector Monsieur D'Aveneux, who hearing he was in England, but a stranger to the principal motives that conducted him there, and equally unacquainted with every late event wherein I am concerned, has written to him, earnestly requesting to know if he can gain any intelligence of me, as being at liberty to make a second choice by the death of his Lady about two months previous to his taking that step, he was impelled by the preference his heart should ever feel for me above all other women, to be earnestly desirous of discovering where and how I was situated, as it was his settled resolve to visit England for the purpose of making me the  
partner

partner of his fortune (which has lately received a considerable addition) and his life, not in the least doubting my ready acceptance, I suppose, of the honour designed me. Mr. Arlingcourt has answered this letter, and, with a seriousness suited to the occasion, informed Monsieur of those particulars that necessarily render his high raised hopes with respect to me abortive; and I cannot even give a pitying sigh to the disappointment that awaits him, being of opinion that it will affect him but lightly, for respectable feelings seldom reside with a heart so corrupt, and principles so depraved, as I know this gallant Frenchman to possess.

Yours,

IPHIGENIA.

K 5

LETTER

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LETTER LIX.

**W**E have parted with our aged relatives, our dear Lord and Lady Clarrancy; it was a mournful adieu, as was that with the Countess of Doneral, whose virtues are such as must secure her the applause of all good and distinguishing minds.

A short time will now conduct us to Clarinda's hermitage, for such she resolves it shall be. We are already again in our native land, and in an inn where we have stopped to dinner, I trace these lines:

The day we left Clarancey-Hall brought us a letter from Mrs. Arthur; resignation and deep-rooted sadness seem blended in her mind:

mind: Her pen dwells on the memory of her husband; but she cannot, I should imagine, regret his loss, although she must undoubtedly lament his errors. May that Supreme Good, who ever loves virtue and excellence like hers, infuse consolation, and recall once more serenity and contentment to her soul.

## IN CONTINUATION.

Arrived at Wood-Dale the charming solitude of Clarinda: I devote to you an early hour, and having walked forth to breathe health amid the delightful shades that surround us, I have seated myself in a romantic bower, interwoven with the balmy jessamine, woodbine, rose-tree, and innumerable aromatic shrubs, that perfume the air, and regale the senses, and availing myself of a standish on a table before me, where Clarinda was last evening writing, I have taken from my pocket-book this sheet, the first few lines on

which I scrolled during our journey here, and will fill it with a description of this elegantly rural abode. The house is not large, but convenient, too roomy to be termed a cottage, and yet resembling one in the simplicity of its structure, and the mode in which it is furnished. Its situation is in the bosom of a valley, not deep, but pleasant and delightful; the country around it is, in places, open, cultivated, and fertile; in others, woody and romantic, and waving corn-fields, fruitful and populous villages, contented and cheerful peasantry, nodding groves, and a distant view of the ocean, present themselves alternately to the eye from the summit of the vale. — This retirement is peculiarly adapted to the wishes and taste of Clarinda—its surrounding lands are in a high state of cultivation—their produce amply repays the <sup>trouble</sup> ~~task~~ of the husbandman—the gardens are extensive, laid out with judgment, and equally calculated for pleasure and use: It is altogether a spot where we may imagine the Sylvan Deities, fabled of



of old, would delight to resort, and owes its present improvements to having been of late years the favourite residence of the unhappy Lady Danbury (to whose father it belonged) and not vacated till after her dishonourable step; since when it has been inhabited by a respectable tenant, an elderly single gentleman, of small fortune, fixed in it by his Lordship, to keep the house, gardens and lands, in proper repair, and who received us on our arrival here; but is now returned to his paternal inheritance, a charming cottage and estate, which he farms himself, in the neighbourhood.

You must not expect that our visit here can be productive of novelty; it is the recess of a fair hermit, and is fitted by nature to conceal and sooth the silent, but unconquerable woes of its lovely mistress, who now appears, and, having fought me through all my other favourite haunts, chides me for a runaway, and summons me to breakfast, therefore, affectionately, adieu.

IPHIGENIA.

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LETTER LX.

**Y**ESTERDAY Clarinda received a letter from Mrs. Arthur, replete with grateful affection; but evidently dictated by some new cause of regret, which she is unwilling fully to express. I acknowledge I suspect Lord Doneral to be the occasion of this new and unexplained source of sadness, and Clarinda's observations have led her to the same idea. The amiable mourner wishes herself with us, and deplores the necessity that must longer detain her where she is. She adds, a hope that our arrival in London will not much longer be delayed, as her anxiety again to behold us will conduct her there with the Earl, who does not purpose to revisit Ireland until the spring, as soon as the settlement of  
of

of Mr. Arthur's affairs will permit, which she now expects will be in a few weeks, when, we have informed her, in our answer of this day, she may rely on our meeting her there. Clarinda has likewise yielded to our intreaty of being of our party to the capital, chiefly, I believe, to be blest with the society sooner than she could otherwise expect, and in the pleasing hope, that she will not recede from her former promise of fixing her future residence in this her delightful retreat; but will accompany her back here as soon as winter has withdrawn its rugged aspect.

All our friends are equally with my Lord and myself charmed with this romantic spot. Emila is in raptures, and gaily gives Clarinda the appellation of Solitary Nymph of the Enchanting Vale. The estimable Baroness is no less gratified, and our loved Comte, surely one of the most amiable and endearing characters on earth, declares, that for a seclusion from the tumultuous scenes of life,

it is rivalled by few situations he ever witnessed. Farewell, my next will, most probably, be from London.

IPHIGENIA.

## LETTER LXI.

**F**ROM the midst of this gay and crowded metropolis I now once more address my Isabella. We arrived here but a few days ago, and are already immersed in the pleasures and parade of fashionable life, attendant on our rank, and which will necessarily increase when I have been formally presented among the great world, by being introduced at court, a ceremony which I have not yet gone through, and which I anticipate with unconquerable timidity.

We

We found the Earl of Doneral and Mrs. Arthur awaiting our arrival : The latter shed many tears at again beholding us. She is once more a part of our family ; but his Lordship politely declined our pressing invitation of residing with us during his continuance in England, and has hired elegant apartments, and suitable attendants, in an adjoining street.

To Clarinda Mrs. Arthur has imparted the cause of her late embarrassing situation, which excited such secret uneasiness in her mind, and the effects of which were visible in her last letters to us at Wood-Dale. — The Earl, during their journey from Ireland, and regardless of the distress in which her mind was then involved, dared to aggravate the sorrows of her heart, and insult her principles and feelings, by an open avowal of criminal love ; nor had ever since ceased to persecute her on the forbidden subject, till she found a refuge from the perplexities and dangers

dangers of his guilty attachment under our protection, on her accepting which, he expressed himself in the most violent and unjustifiable terms of disapprobation, and from resentment of her persisting to avail herself of our invitation, he refused to be an inhabitant of the same roof, seeing, he said, that she preferred our society to his, and fixed himself in his present residence, resolving to associate but little with us ; a circumstance, from what we now know of his character, that we do not greatly regret.

The health of Sally Lifford, Mrs. Arthur informs us, is daily amending, intelligence that must afford a sincere pleasure to all that know her worth. Of Mr. Wyndham we, at present, cannot learn any account, interested as we are in his restoration to peace ; but his situation prevents our inquiries respecting him of any but the Lifford family ; nor, indeed, are many others enabled to give us the information we wish, and from them we have  
not



not yet heard since our being here, but have written to apprise them of that event.

The dreaded day is past. We yesterday appeared in the drawing-room, and were honoured by the gracious smiles of sacred Majesty! My heart trembled with duty, affection, and respect, when I entered the presence of the most excellent and beloved of Sovereigns. We were received with all that inspiring condescension, for which the Royal Pair are so eminently distinguished; the predictions of my father were verified—my first terrors soon disappeared, and love and veneration solely possessed my mind. How sweetly affecting it is to contemplate the virtues and perfections that adorn the British Throne!—to behold every mental excellence centered in the parents, a worthy pattern, and shining example, to their family, and their adoring people; and in the younger branches of Royalty, beauty, united with elegance and grace, and moral rectitude, with

with the most brilliant accomplishments, and the most polished and dignified refinement of manners.

## IN CONTINUATION.

Routs, balls, plays, operas, and all the etceteras of the gay world, now divide our hours, and have but little time to devote to the greater pleasure of conversing even thus with my Isabella. While we are numbered among the circles of the great, Mrs. Arthur and Clarinda are generally engaged in some more rational amusement at home: They enjoy the refined pleasures of solitude even here, and the only public entertainment they have yet appeared at is what the Theatres afford. They have witnessed the fascinating powers of a Jordan, a Farren, a Billington, and a Crouch, and are charmed with all. Mrs. Arthur will return to Wood-Dale, with its mistress, between her and whom the friendship commenced in their early acquaintance,

tance, is now greatly improved and strengthened, and will, I predict, devote the remainder of her days ; for she is already charmed with our delineation of that delightful haunt, and will, I am sure, be infinitely more so when she witnesses the reality.

Mr. Jefferies, as I foretold, without any extraordinary share of penetration, has found consolation for the disappointment he experienced from his fair parisian, in a new choice, the buxom widow of a city tavern keeper, possessed of considerable wealth, to whom he was united some days ago. We saw him the morning preceding this event ; he looked perfectly cheerful and happy, and expressed himself delighted and grateful for our arrangements respecting Maria, and oppressed Clarinda and myself by the redundancy of his acknowledgments. Jannette promises, on our return to Arran-Vale, to reward the passion of the amiable young farmer, who, I find, she really beholds with a serious preference,

ference, and secretly corresponded with him during our being in Ireland. The case of the rich peasant of Bern is therefore hopeless. Many a sighing heart, I am informed, she likewise left behind her among the humble swains of Hibernia and Wood-Dale; but our youthful shepherd is destined the successful lover.

The fleet was sailed with our last packet to you ere we could forward this in time to accompany it; we therefore hope, instead of saluting you in India, it will be destined to hail your arrival on the shores of Albion, an event we all impatiently wish; but none more truly than,

Your affectionate,

IPHIGENIA.

LETTER

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L E T T E R    L X I I .

**A**FTER near two months total neglect of my pen, imagining that what I have already lately written could not reach you, until we were near enough to impart our sentiments to each other without epistolary aid, your letter is arrived with the unwelcome account that you must unavoidably be detained in the East another year: I therefore again return to my journal with more assiduity than I should otherwise have done, though with spirits saddened by the assurance that we must yet endure so considerable a lapse of time, ere we can hope for the blessing of your long wished society.

Spring is now advancing, and we are preparing to part with many of our friends,  
and

and hasten to Arran-Vale. My Lord has regained, in a great measure, his natural spirits. We have found many respectable and valuable characters among the devotees of fashion and splendour, and have formed such a pleasing and desirable circle of acquaintance here, that we shall not quit London without considerable regret. How unjust is prejudice! Believe me, my Isabella, in every rank and society, we may derive pleasure and advantage, by carefully selecting the estimable, and politely avoiding the worthless.

The Baron and Baroness, and Mr. and Mrs. Arlingcourt, who have not (I before neglected to inform you) inhabited the same dwelling with us since our residence here, but separate houses in the same square, which rendered easy a constant and agreeable intercourse, are preparing to depart on their return to Geneva. The Earl of Doneval yesterday bade us a cold adieu, and Clarinda and Mrs. Arthur, with their little charge, Maria, purpose



pose next week to repair to Wood-Dale ; the Comte and my father will be of our family party, and, I imagine, generally continue so, neither of them being at present inclined for lonely solitude ; the seat of the former in Buckinghamshire, and the hunting-lodge of the latter, will therefore, I imagine, be seldom inhabited, but when we can accompany them. The present state of affairs in France leaves the adjustment of the Comte's wrongs still a matter of uncertainty, but he does not appear very solicitous about its termination : His honor already stands acquitted in the opinion of every just and candid mind, and his present great age, and ample independence, prevent any anxiety from considerations of fortune.

But I have intelligence to relate that will more surprise you than any that have very lately fallen from my pen : Mr. Wyndham persisting in his resolve of standing a trial, put his determination in practice, is acquitted in

the most favourable manner possible, and is our near neighbour. His mind seems regaining its tranquillity, and he has declared to my father an unconquerable attachment, founded on more rational principles, and wholly different from whatever he before experienced for Sally Lifford; but almost despairs of success from her late strong partiality in favour of Mr. Arthur, to the whole story of whose villainy he is no stranger: He, however, believes that his fair cousin sincerely esteems him, and a tender esteem, I think, is generally the best basis for a matrimonial union; too violent a love on the part of our sex is frequently fatal, for every day does not shew us a man so perfect as my Lord, nor a woman so completely happy as his and your

Faithfully devoted,

IPHIGENIA.

LETTER

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L E T T E R    L X I I I .

**T**O part with those we highly esteem must ever be attended in minds not wholly devoid of feeling with painful sensations; our late separation with our friends in the metropolis was therefore attended by considerable regret; but we trust again to meet, and all enjoy many hours of happiness together, a hope which ever cheers the melancholy of a reluctant adieu.

Now again re-seated amid the calm quiet of Arran-Vale, and inhaling the fragrantcy of its salutary air, and all the opening beauties of the spring, and the blooming sweets of bounteous nature, I wish health and every felicity to my Isabella and her Leslie. Would to heaven our wishes could waft the blessings

we pray for on you, through the immense distance by which we now are Sundered.

The love of Mr. Wyndham is likely to be crowned with success. We have warmly espoused his cause, and Sally, who, with her parents and her lover, are now here, will, I think, unreluctantly accede to our united intreaties. Her attachment for Mr. Arthur I see was a sudden and girlish passion, while her regard for Mr. Wyndham is a sincere and valuable friendship, much more likely to be productive of solid happiness: You find I have already commenced the matron, and argue as one. Experience, you know, my Isabella, instructs as fully and usefully as years, and some by their particular situations know more of life and human-nature at twenty, than others at fourscore; but I do not infer that this is intirely my case, although I have had more experience than judgment to profit by it.

We

We have already had a rural wedding among us since our return, Jannette, in consequence of her avowal before made not to quit England, parted from her amiable mistress, when she bade us adieu for Geneva, and, attending me here, was yesterday united at our parish church with the enraptured object of her preference. My Lord, in remembrance of her attachment to me, presented her with a marriage portion of three hundred pounds. The nuptial feast was at our expence, and under our roof, and the blooming pair will, I doubt not, merit our future patronage, which they will not then fail to secure. The Comte likewise made his fair countrywoman a liberal bridal present, and Mr. Wyndham, who possesses a most generous heart, followed his example. The day was consecrated to rustic jollity, and in the evening my Lord and myself, with Mr. Wyndham and his amiable choice, honoured it, by mingling with the happy throng a few minutes, in a dance we permitted them to

have on the lawn that fronts the house, when Mr. Wyndham shrewdly remarked, as he led his blushing partner from the festive scene, that he hoped soon to join with more pleasure in celebrating a similar event. This gentleman is really handsome, sensible, well-bred, and well-informed, and his conversation is as instructive and pleasing, as his heart appears good. He is, on particular estimation with my Lord, and indeed merits, as far as I can observe, the distinction. He is about purchasing an estate and mansion in our neighbourhood, which, if it takes place, will give us, in his destined Lady and himself, a valuable addition to our society.

## IN CONTINUATION.

After a lapse of several weeks, revolving in an uninterrupted continuance of the calm felicity you are already acquainted with by description, nothing new has occurred within our at present narrow circle worth relating,



but the union of Sally Lifford and Mr. Wyndham, which will, I trust, be productive of all their most sanguine wishes, and our most friendly ones can desire. They are now with Mr. and Mrs. Lifford, at Mr. Wyndham's new purchase, Ashby-Place, about ten miles distant from us, and the deserving pair have already, by their praiseworthy conduct, gained the hearts of the tenantry, and commonality around them, while the souls of the bride's parents are lifted up to heaven with grateful transport for the late preservation, and present happy prospects of their dutiful and beloved daughter.

IPHIGENIA.

LETTER.

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L E T T E R LXIV.

**A** GAIN I address my lovely cousin, and close this packet with the joyful intelligence, that my adored Iphigenia has blest me with a charming pledge of mutual love that surely was never exceeded, and given to our house an heir that will, I trust, prove, when we are no more, a worthy representative of its unsullied honours.

Maternal rapture glows on the countenance, and informs the eye of Iphigenia while she gazes on our lovely boy : She sighs to impart her feelings to you, the partner of her soul ; but the use of the pen is at present denied her. New and delightful sensations likewise distend my heart ; but no change  
can

can in this life take place that will erase the remembrance of your amiable virtues from the mind of

Your affectionate,

SELBY.

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LETTER LXV.

**A**LREADY landed in England, after a remarkable quick and pleasant voyage, and welcomed with transport by the dear smiling inhabitants of Arran-Vale, whose surprise equals their joy at beholding us so much sooner than they had hoped, as our last letter reconciled them to what we then believed inevitable, our continuing another year in India. I devote the first moments that can be spared from such long absent friends to inform my dear father of our safe arrival, which

which will, I am sure, convey to your heart a most animated delight.

We are both in high health and spirits. Our meeting with Lord and Lady Selby has given a considerable addition to the latter, and in witnessing their felicity we experience a most grateful increase to our own.

Our charming Iphigenia has lately blest her Lord with a son, the most lovely creature my eyes ever dwelt on; but this, with several other late events in which they are particularly interested, with the happy termination of Mr. Wyndham's late unfortunate affairs, about whose fate you were so anxious, and who is now blest to his utmost hope or wish in a beautiful and excellent wife, you will learn from a packet just dispatched for me, which I request you to open, and afterwards return here, as I wish, during life, carefully to preserve it, with the other letters from my fair friend, as mementos of her inestimable worth and attachment.

The

The delicate languor natural to Iphigenia is increased, but her beauty not in the least impaired, rather, it receives an addition from the softness diffused over her features by her late confinement, and the rapturous pleasure with which she beholds her beauteous infant.

I observe, with secret satisfaction, a friendship commencing between my noble cousin and my beloved Leslie. May heaven ripen it to perfection; their souls are formed to associate.

Our little Emma is blooming and endearing as ever; already she begins to lisp the names of her new found relations, hourly ingratiates herself in their favour, and gains an added portion of their tenderness. Methinks I hear you sigh at the mention of the lovely child; but hasten to join us here, as you are empowered, and end your days in the bosom of filial affection and gratitude with your darling Emma, and her dutifully attached  
parents,

parents, who, with all our friends, are desirous to congratulate your return to this your natal clime.

When I look around me, reflect on the past vicissitudes, and contemplate the present tenor of Lord and Lady Selby's lives, my heart receives the most lively conviction, that it is only the firm principles, and steady practice of rational and active virtue, can secure us sincere and lasting happiness.

Adieu, honoured Sir; accept the fervent duty and affection of Edmund, and

Your

ISABELLA LESLIE.

F I N I S.